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CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	249
AMERICAN DRAMA	251
THE STRIKES	251
A MODERN CHARTIST	252
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic	253
THIS ENGLAND	253
THE RE-EDUCATION OF GERMAN PRISONERS	254
"A POLICEMAN'S LOT . . ."	254
"WHAT IS SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE . . ." By Desmond MacCarthy	255
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait	256
PLAYS AND PICTURES	256
HONOURS EVEN. By Sagittarius	256
CORRESPONDENCE. From C. M. Greig; F. R. O'Neill; Lawrence Wolfe; A. S. Neill; Helen J. Moore; Wilfred Wellock; David Rogerson; T. A. Cairns.	256
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett.	259
REVIEWS:	Page
Munich and the U.S.S.R. By Tom Paine	260
The Lost and the Damned. By T. C. Worsley	260
A Problem of Town Planning. By Elizabeth Denby	260
Stumping South America. By Norman MacKenzie	261
100,000,000. By William Whitebait	262
A Great Man. By E. E. Kellett.	262
Shorter Notice	263
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	263

THE RED ARMY ENTERS EUROPE

THE Red Army once more stands at the eastern gates of Europe. Speculations about the policy of a victorious U.S.S.R. are soon to be put to the test of experience. Odessa has fallen; the Crimea has been stormed; strong Soviet forces are pushing deep into Rumania; in the Carpathians a Czech Brigade, marching with the vanguard of Marshal Zhukov's armies, has reached the frontiers of its homeland. This Easter Saturday, when the Czech flag was again raised on its native soil, will be remembered as one of the decisive dates of the war.

These successes raise the question whether the Germans can hold any of their positions in the Balkans, and whether any of their satellites in Central and Southern Europe will much longer prefer the risks of fighting in alliance with Germany to the risks of surrendering while Hitler's armies are still intact. Again, in view of the possibility of a Soviet advance towards Lvov, on the direct road to Germany, Hitler's generals may have to consider a general withdrawal from the Balkans to a line north of the Danube. In any case, the effects of the Soviet offensive must be profound in every Balkan country. From Rumania panic conditions are reported and there is at least the possibility that Allied contacts with the Rumanian Government may lead to Antonescu becoming a Rumanian Badoglio. The collapse of Rumania would add greatly to the difficulty of the German defence of the Carpathians.

There has been much discussion about the policy Stalin would adopt towards countries through which his armies must march in pursuit of the Germans. Now the pattern becomes clearer. There are two sources from which we may deduce the day-to-day political developments that will march together with the Russian armies: first, the official manifestoes which, it seems, are to accompany the crossing of each fresh frontier, and secondly, the shifting emphasis of the Communist line in various countries. The former repeat the declarations which Soviet diplomacy has made ever since Moscow and Teheran. The Soviet Union seeks no territorial gains beyond her 1940 boundaries; there is to be no overt interference with the internal politics of her neighbours. Such a programme can be a powerful weapon in the campaign in Eastern Europe. Of all people the Soviet statesmen should know the value of political disintegration to an advancing army.

It would be naive to assume that this is all that is in the mind of Moscow. Naturally, the Kremlin disclaims responsibility for the actions of Communists in Europe. Yet there is a striking similarity in the new approach which they seem to be making towards governments in exile. Up till now they have bitterly attacked the reactionary cliques who have, in some cases, opposed the popular resistance forces in which the Communists have played a leading part. Now, in Italy, they seem to have almost succeeded in persuading the other opposition parties to participate in the Badoglio administration. This effort should be facilitated by the King's designation of Umberto as Regent when the Allies enter Rome. In North Africa, two Communists have become members of the French National Committee. In both cases, they have given as their main reason the desire to assist in a more speedy and effective prosecution of the war. They may also have considered that if they remained too long as merely high-principled critics, they would be condemning themselves to the political wilderness at the decisive stage of the war.

In two other instances they have modified their approach. Of all the exiled Governments, the Czechs have been the most consistently friendly towards the U.S.S.R.; though the Czech Communists have held no places in the Cabinet they have been fervent supporters of President Benes. Now they have demanded a reorganisation of the Government in order to replace it by a coalition of Dr. Benes' own party, the Socialists and themselves. This change would eliminate the Right-Wing politicians who took part in the post-Munich Government. In particular they are calling for the removal of the Prime Minister, Mr. Sramek, and the Minister of Finance, Mr. Feierabend, who, they allege, once was a supporter of the Sudeten Nazis. Dr. Benes appears to oppose such a reshuffle until after the Government has returned to Czechoslovakia. But whether the Communists are acting on their own initiative in raising the thorny question of pre-war collaboration and association between the Nazis and certain prominent Czechs, or whether they have Moscow behind them, they obviously intend to use this issue as a means of exerting pressure upon the Government.

The most curious case is that of Greece. Faced with the demand among the troops that the Greek Government in Cairo should be widened to include members of the E.A.M. and a counter-move to turn the Government into a clique of reactionary officials, Mr. Tsouderos resigned. Mr. Venizelos, his suggested successor, proved unacceptable to anyone. When Mr. Santos, the secretary of the Greek Communist Party, recently offered to negotiate with Mr. Tsouderos to form a broader Government, he probably foresaw that the present Government in Cairo would reach such an impasse. With the formation of a political committee inside Greece, of which Santos himself is a member, King George must choose between the prospect of a provisional government like Marshal Tito's and the recognition of the right of E.A.M. and the other guerilla groups to representation in his Cabinet.

It is too early to gauge the full implications of what appears to be a new Communist policy. But it is clear that Moscow subordinates all other considerations to that of the most speedy ending of the war. (Unconditional surrender has never sounded sense in Moscow.) Stalin further desires to reassure his Western Allies about the moderation and respectability of his policy. Apart from any other motive, he desires the United Nations to remain united after the war. He opposes plans for new grouping of States until he can be assured, after Germany's defeat, that such regional groups look eastward for support as much as, or more than, they look to Britain and America. We hear that Marshal Tito hopes to see a Balkan Federation which would begin with an association of Bulgaria and Albania with Yugoslavia. Communists might find such projects easier to achieve if they were members of legitimate governments in the next crucial months. Whether such a policy is the best for the future of European democracy can

be endlessly argued, but it would be rash to assume that Moscow is not looking further ahead than it cares at present to admit.

Revolution from Washington

Mr. Cordell Hull, a venerable conservative statesman, who represents the traditional South, managed in his broadcast from Washington on Easter Sunday to say at least two revolutionary things. The first of them concerned the neutrals. He said, in effect, that we shall cut off their imports from the outer world if they continue to supply our enemies with strategical materials. Hitherto, as he put it, we have "compromised"; but evidently he wished the neutrals to understand that we now feel strong enough to forbid their trade with Germany. This will be noted, with varying shades of emotion by the Swiss, the Swedes and the Spaniards, and by those neutral allies of ours, the Portuguese and the Turks. The Swedes supply iron ore and some steel goods of the first importance, notably ball-bearings. The Portuguese supply wolfram, as (with much else) do the Spaniards also. In all these cases these neutrals are said, of late, to have reduced their supplies. This was done, of course, under pressure, since we controlled their imports of oil, wheat and cotton. The Turks, on the other hand, are said to have increased their exports of chrome to Germany.

Whether Mr. Hull is actually threatening what amounts to an embargo or long-distance blockade, we do not know. But in principle, we take it, he has declared our right to do this, although we are not in a position to make our blockade of Germany effective and complete, since we cannot deny the Baltic to her or close her land route over the Pyrenees. History, however, records that the right of neutrals to trade with belligerents (qualified only by an effective blockade) was a sacred principle for which Mr. Cordell Hull's ancestors were always ready to die. He affirmed it himself no later than the summer of 1941, when a U-boat sank an American freighter in the South Atlantic. So far, of course, from criticising this realism, we welcome it. It makes, however, a startling departure in international law, which as yet few of us have faced as a decisive fact in the new world.

Mr. Cordell Hull's second lapse into revolutionary doctrine was his denial of the right of Fascist governments to exist:—

> We have moved from a careless tolerance of evil institutions to the conviction that free Governments and Nazi and Fascist Governments cannot exist together in this world, because the very nature of the latter requires them to be aggressors.

When an old-world Southern gentleman once lets himself go, there is no saying how far his innovating impetus will carry him. Once more we are in warm agreement: we have held this view ever since Captain Goering (as he then was) burned down the Reichstag. The old Liberal doctrine of non-interference is as dangerous as it is obsolete. To tolerate a Fascist government is to bestow a licence on aggressive war. But this discovery will carry the State Department, not to mention our Foreign Office, far, very far from its ancient moorings. May we take it, then, that Mr. Cordell Hull has passed sentence on all the Fascist régimes, in Portugal and Brazil as well as in Spain? *Ça ira.*

From Washington to Algiers

The references in Mr. Cordell Hull's broadcast to the French Committee of National Liberation are said to have given pleasure to Algiers. Certainly they marked an advance. Its position of "leadership" in the work of restoring a democratic order in France "under the supervision of the Allied Commander-in-Chief" was recognised. That formula, if we scrutinise it closely, may mean that the Committee will play in this matter an important but not necessarily exclusive part. The refusal to recognise the Committee as the Provisional Government of France was, however, repeated. We are satisfied, none the less, that it is more representative of its nation than most of the Governments that are recognised. Meanwhile, General de Gaulle seems at length to be eliminating General Giraud—for the post of Inspector-General, which he has refused, was presumably ornamental. These disputes do the French no good. But we recall the facts that in his published "testament" General Giraud declared himself a Fascist of a type at least as extreme as Marshal Pétain, and that he was forced upon the French in North Africa by American diplomacy.

Civil Aviation

The announcements made at the week-end by Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Berle about the future of civil aviation tell us very little about what is to happen, but quite obviously rule out any sort of internationalist solution. Evidently what we and the Americans have been talking about is not the internationalisation of air transport, or of airports, or of anything else, but the sharing out of the world between nationally supported air lines, presumably under private ownership. Nothing other than this was to be expected, either of Lord Beaverbrook or of the Americans; but the mere fact that we now take it for granted is eloquent of the distance we have travelled from the internationalist aspirations of the earlier phases of the war. If any service ought to be run internationally, clearly air transport ought. The air ought to be free to all; and freedom of the air implies the freedom to land and the internationalisation of the essential landing grounds. National control of airfields means, in fact, that a new basis for intrigue will be provided and a new source of quarrels between nations given the sanction of international law. The Russians, it appears, are being brought into the negotiations. They, no doubt, will have their word to say; but it would take a bold man to predict that they will be disposed in the near future to stand out for a really internationalist solution. In this matter, as in most others, the world is heading back to an extreme emphasis on "sovereignty."

Conferences

Among the Easter Conferences, the press and the B.B.C. chose to give prominence to the I.L.P.'s, because its chairman made a loud noise of the type described in these days as "Trotskyist." Much more significance attaches, however, to the Conferences of Common Wealth and of the Co-operative Party. The Common Wealth delegates had to listen to an ultimatum from the two persons who have been paying for it—Sir Richard Acland and Mr. Goode—that they will not go on paying for it beyond next year, and that it must either pay for itself or perish. If they stick to their point—and in Sir Richard Acland's case we have it on his own authority that he has come to an end of his money, having given most of it away to the National Trust—Common Wealth might possibly go under; for nationally organised parties are very expensive affairs. The Co-operative Party, on the other hand, is in no danger of going under. It lacks, not money, but candidates and a clear basis on which to make its appeal, though it has a much bigger affiliated membership than the Labour Party. The Co-operative Party Conference, while it rejected overwhelmingly a resolution calling on Mr. Alexander, its leading Minister, to leave the Government now, declared quite unequivocally against the continuance of the Coalition for a moment beyond the period needed for assuring victory in the war, and against any attempt to formulate an agreed post-war policy in co-operation with the Tories.

Exit Mr. Norman

It will not seem the same Bank of England without Mr. Montagu Norman, whose reign has lasted from 1920 until now. For most people, of most opinions, Mr. Norman *was* the Bank; and it was always obvious that he enjoyed the role of financial wizard and professional mystery man. Of late years his reputation as the arch-enemy of mankind had suffered a decline; for after pursuing deflation with almost sadistic fervour up to—and including—1931, Mr. Norman rapidly changed sides, and became a fanatical exponent of the policy of "easy money." And now, what will the Bank be like without its Führer? Of Lord Catto we know only that his chief business connections have been with the vast Yule concern in India and with Morgan Grenfell in this country, and that he has headed a good many business missions abroad both for the Government and for such bodies as the F.B.I. In this war he has been advising the Treasury, and he has a reputation for being thoroughly "sound," in the capitalist groove. His selection shows that the directors of the Bank are minded to do all they can to keep the financial power where it has been in the past.

PARLIAMENT: Discipline for the Jews

As usual, the last day before recess was devoted to a miscellany of debates on the adjournment; a "thin" House consisted mainly of those interested in one or other of the five subjects discussed. Proceedings sank twice to bathos, but reached a climax of seriousness and some passion in the debate on the position of Jews in the Polish Forces in this country.

Tom Driberg, initiating this, claimed that the recent transfer of 200 deserters should be regarded as a precedent; that there were not more than 600 more Jews concerned, and that their transfer could hardly dislocate our invasion plans irreparably; that the Polish authorities, though they had done their best, could not cure this psychological infection instantaneously, and that the Jews were now being threatened with what would happen to them the moment they landed in Europe, out of sight of the Jew-ridden British. Sir Thomas Moore said that the desired transfers "would simply mean that we would gain a few hundred happy soldiers, while the Poles would lose a few hundred unhappy ones" (which Dick Law later described as "a quite remarkable over-simplification").

Nine Members spoke in favour of the transfers; not counting the Minister, four spoke against, one of whom, Lipson, is a Jew, and concerned with the ultimate well-being of Jews in Poland which he thinks might be prejudiced if more of these deserters were transferred. The other three were Alan Graham, Bartle Bull and Austin Hopkinson. Graham, who was understood to be speaking semi-officially for the Polish Government, used a curious argument to rebut the suggestion that the anti-Semitism had been aggravated by the arrival in the Polish Forces here of troops who had been fighting on the other side, under Rommel. He said: "My information from the Polish Ministry of War is that that is most definitely not the case . . . They say that *the discipline that these troops endured in Rommel's army was such as to make them so highly disciplined that they could not be guilty of any spontaneous enthusiasm for Jew-baiting. . . .*"

Bull hinted that these Jews had nothing more to put up with than the care-free horseplay which goes on "in any mess." Hopkinson contented himself with a brief disquisition on the Jews as the *Herrenvolk* of history—a race which has always "proclaimed . . . that no other race has any right even to a bare existence."

Fortified by these allies, and unmelted by Pritt's unwontedly gentle but indisputably logical advocacy, Law insisted that the few hundred Jews concerned *were* essential to the Second Front where they were, and that the Government could not continue to "encourage indiscipline"; the transfer of 200 deserters a few weeks back had not been intended as a precedent.

The House then descended abruptly to a scrambled, furious, undignified little debate on the "uneatable" and inadequate food served in its dining-room. Why never any venison? asked one hon. Member. Because, snapped the Chairman of the Kitchen Committee (who is also managing director of the Park Lane Hotel), when it was on the menu once, no one ordered it. What was so "terrible" about the menu that very day

challenged hon. Members to say. Mr. Den-an: "Quite early the fish was all gone." espite the inconclusiveness of all this, it as evident that Members generally resented the ct that they and their guests are less well catered than they would be in an average factory nteen, Service mess, or British Restaurant.

Earlier, there was a prolonged discussion on sterity suits and, in particular, on the suit esently worn by Mr. Guy, Member for South plar, and whether it was austerity or merely ility. Major Procter denounced Government terference of this kind: "When the Govern-ent think of houses, you get a house . . . nerally fit only for jockeys to live in." Coupons, claimed, were a new bogus currency which was, der Gresham's Law, strangling the King's money. The best Whitehall jargon of the week was tained in a written answer by Colonel Llewellin, who said that the cutting of the cheese ration from 3 oz. to 2 oz. a week didn't matter a bit, since "the extra four points a month which have been provided contemporaneously are calculated to enable a consumer to make up any deficiency in protein intake due to the reduction in the cheese ration."

The House will reassemble next Tuesday, April 18; Eden's announcement of the dropping of the security ban on advance notice of the dates of sittings was warmly cheered. Next week's business will include debates on the Pensions (Increase) Bill, on State help for scientific research, and (for two days) on Empire co-operation. "It is also hoped," Eden added anxiously, "to obtain the Motions to approve the Purchase Tax (Exemptions) Orders relating to Wooden-Soled Footwear and Picture Frames."

PONTIFEX MINOR

AMERICAN DRAMA

HE drama of American politics will be a little orer and less interesting because of Mr. endell Willkie's withdrawal. He chose to put s fortunes to the test in Wisconsin, and that pical Mid-Western State failed to choose a gle delegate pledged to vote for him at the ming Convention of the Republican Party. he defeat was as crushing as it was unexpected, d Mr. Willkie has accepted it as final. At this stance the English spectator registers this event th a sense that some new defect has appeared the American political machine. Assuredly r. Willkie's vital and generous personality in-ested his fellow-countrymen. Has any poli-al book ever had a sale in a few weeks that mes near what his achieved? In the Gallup lls, which tested the preferences of Republicans over the country, he had never dropped below e second place. What may have been settled Wisconsin is the fact that the Republican rty as an organised "machine" will not adopt m. But we are left guessing, none the less, hether, if that obstacle could have been over-me, he might not have been elected.

Four years ago we should have viewed Mr. illkie's election with some dismay, though we ver doubted his friendliness to our country d our cause. He was for us at that time chiefly e representative of the electric power interests, e most grasping branch of monopoly capital the States. He had fought the Tennessee lley project with all his might; the record, oreover, of his companies in their dealings with bour was bad. Since that contest, however, erything that Mr. Willkie has said and done s added to his popularity among progressives this and other countries. He showed himself, st in Russia and then in China, an open-minded d sympathetic student of international affairs, pable of grasping another people's standpoint ickly and of adjusting himself to it as a good tizen of the world. He wrote and spoke with urage and made not the smallest effort to con-iate the reactionaries and isolationists in his n party. He was, moreover, a generous oppo-nt, and on occasion backed the President—over e Tax Bill, for example—when his Party was etty solidly on the other side. In his outlook the future he was as good an internationalist the President himself.

Manifestly, a man of this rather unusual tem-rament and intellectual outlook was too good the conventional politicians of his party. hat view the American electorate might have ken of him is another matter. What is now irly clear is that the coming election will not a contest between two Liberals—for we sume, though it is not a certainty, that Mr. osevelt will again lead the Democrats into ttle. The two parties are as mixed as ever, the Democrats of the Deep South are on mestic issues at least as illiberal as the Repub-an Right Wing. The fleeting hope which merican progressives have occasionally enter-ined that a more natural and logical alignment might come about under Mr. Roosevelt is as far from fulfilment as ever. It is geography and history rather than ideology that decide the allegiance of most Americans to party. None the less, by its leadership if not by its composition, the Democratic Party is now (as it usually is) the more advanced and liberal of the two. The Republicans, in spite of their big following among Western and Northern farmers, are more steadily dominated by Big Business. With Mr. Willkie out of the way, it is unlikely that the choice of the Convention will fall on Governor Stassen, the other Liberal who seemed to be in the running. The choice of the "machine" is Governor Bricker, of Ohio, the incarnation of the average man, who never will diverge by a syllable from the safe and conventional middle line. This master of non-committal platitudes resembles, in everything save his perfect respectability, that apostle of "normalcy," President Harding. Some "dark horse" like General MacArthur, popular with the extreme Right, may have a chance. But the favourite, if he will consent to be "drafted," is that astute lawyer, Governor Dewey, of New York. No one ever mistook this nominee of Big Business for a Liberal, but neither does he belong to the isolationist Right Wing.

The outcome of the election will affect the internal politics of America profoundly. The probability is, in any event, that a decidedly Conservative, perhaps a decidedly Republican, Congress will be chosen. If Mr. Roosevelt should get his fourth term, that means trouble. Against the worst risk of all—such a revolt of Congress as ruined President Wilson's work—Mr. Cordell Hull is patiently taking precautions. As he told Americans in his Easter broadcast, he has begun to work out a plan of world-organisation with a group of leading Senators chosen from both parties. The procedure he has in view may possibly be that, with the work of this group before it, the Senate's Foreign Affairs Committee may present to the Upper Chamber, which has the fate of treaties in its hands, a fairly detailed series of resolutions, which will define the maximum of agreement between the two parties. A President of either Party who stuck to this brief would run little risk of the subsequent repudiation of his work by Congress. Mr. Hull is a Southern Conservative, who is on most questions of the day by no means in advance of public opinion, but, like most South Democrats, he is an internationalist of the Wilsonian tradition, whose ideal is an improved League with an amended Covenant. He may contrive to win Congress while the President wins the electorate.

THE STRIKES

WHY did the miners strike? Why did the apprentices strike? And why, above all, did these strikes occur just as preparations for the invasion of Europe were reaching their final stage—just, that is, when it might have been expected that the sense of obligation to do nothing to hamper the war effort would have been powerfully reinforced? It is obvious absurdity to seek the main answer to these questions in machinations of "Trotskyist" agitators. There is a "Trotskyist" movement in Great Britain; and the police have dug out of obscurity its headquarters and paid it the tribute of a raid. It is possible that this body, small and uninfluential as it is, may have had something to do with the strike movement among the apprentices; but it can be regarded as certain that it has had practically nothing to do with the stoppages in the coalfields. The coal miners did not strike because they were "anti-war"; and, what is more, nobody in his senses supposes that they did. The miners struck because they were "fed up."

It is important to distinguish between the miners' case and that of the engineering apprentices, even if the apprentices also were "fed up." For we have to bear in mind that, to all intents and purposes, the apprentices, like other young workers in the industries of this country, have never gone through the human experience which for older people is one of the outstanding things in their lives. Dunkirk, and the terrible peril of 1940, is to them only a tale: they never felt it as the rest of us felt it, unforgettably with the whole of our hearts and minds. To those who are now adolescents without this experience behind them the war is a tedious interference with their lives. It is not surprising that a few thousand young people who are in the middle of learning their trades under gruelling war conditions should resent intensely the idea of being sent down a coal mine on the outcome of a ballot, or should be in a mood to react impetuously to suggestions that the Government they are asked to fight for cares very little for them.

This may explain the apprentices; but clearly it does not explain the miners, who have been striking, old and young together, now on this issue and now on that, and certainly not at the behest of Trotskyists or any other sort of political agitation. These miners are "fed up" in a different sense. There can be no doubt that the affairs of the mining industry have been hopelessly bungled from start to finish; and they have a strong feeling that, whenever anything goes wrong, the main part of the blame is put upon them. The present mood in the coalfields is the outcome, not merely of wartime bungling, but of bungling and obstructive refusal to face realities going back over a quarter of a century. It has sunk deep into the consciousness of the miners that "nobody loves them." They think, not only that one Government after another has persistently sided with the coalowners against them, but that, whenever matters have come to a crisis, the rest of the Labour movement has let them down. They think they were let down in 1919-20, when the Labour movement refused to back them in enforcing their demand for national ownership; again, in 1921, when the Triple Alliance broke down; and yet again, in 1926, when they fought on hopelessly alone after the collapse of the General Strike. It is not a question whether they are right or wrong in taking this view: the point is that they do take it, and that so taking it has left them in a mood of cynical disillusionment which has been accentuated by the repeated failure to tackle the fundamental problems of the industry during the war.

When the miners hear the same people as used to oppose public ownership before 1939 arguing now that it would be wrong to nationalise the mines during the war—because the issue is "controversial"; when they hear people saying that nationalisation could not cure the evils of the industry without advancing any alternative plan that could; when they listen to one Government spokesman after another, with evident embarrassment, evading the real issues, their cynicism is

continually reinforced; and when, at length, they are confronted with a Government decision, based on a manifestly unfair interpretation of the Porter award, of such a character that it could not possibly have been made by persons with any close knowledge of conditions in the industry, it is not altogether surprising if a good many of them put out of their minds all thought of the national need for coal and of the Second Front, and, in weary exasperation, simply down tools.

It is no remedy for such a state of affairs to resort to coercive measures against fomenters of strikes; for in plain fact the fomenters of strikes have next door to nothing to do with it. It may suit the Government and Mr. Bevin to make scapegoats of a handful of uninfluential Reds, such as are to be found always and everywhere agitating openly or underground. But such action will not stop strikes; and the enactment of penal legislation is more likely to worsen than to improve the position.

The plain fact is that nothing will affect the miners' attitude, or break the vicious mood of cynicism which is behind it, except a really new deal—something that will be felt as new, and as involving a sharp and decisive break with the past. If the Government now nationalised the mines outright, the miners would feel that something real had happened at last—something they have even grown tired of asking for, because asking has come to seem to them unreal after so many rebuffs. We are not suggesting that nationalisation of itself would get us more coal immediately. What it would do would be to create an atmosphere in which the problems of the industry could be dealt with reasonably, whereas now all discussion is poisoned by mistrust.

As for the contention that nationalisation ought to be ruled out because it would be contrary to the spirit of coalition to enact so controversial a measure during the war, it can be answered in Mr. Churchill's own words—everything necessary for the war, and nothing besides. The experience of the past few weeks shows plainly that nationalisation of the coal mines is needed as a war measure; for who will venture to say that, without it, there will not be quite soon another rush of strikes spreading across the face of the coalfields? The coal's the thing; and nationalisation, by breaking down the cynicism which is everywhere dominant, would help us to get more coal.

This is the clearer because there have been so few strikes except among the miners. The factory workers are only a little, if at all, less tired than the mine workers; and among them, too, are many who would clearly like a holiday, even if it went by the name of a strike. But they have not struck, save in so few instances as to make the generalisation stand out the more. Why not? Because they are not, on the whole, in the same mood of cynicism and disgruntlement—because they can still think and see clearly what strike action means at this stage of the war.

We cannot, however, feel confident that the mood of the workers in other industries will remain indefinitely as favourable as it is now. Everybody engaged in the war effort is feeling the strain; and that makes it all the more desirable to do all we can to reach a quick decision. A real attempt should be made now to remedy the miners' grievances and to give them both a sense of working directly for the public and a wage-system which they can recognise as reasonable and as sensibly adjusted to local conditions in the different coalfields. The Government's new plan no doubt goes some distance in this direction; and, if it is being rejected in a number of districts, the reason is much less that the miners object to it on principle than that they feel sure, on the basis of past treatment, that there is certain to be a catch in it somewhere. We do not know whether there really is a catch in it or not; what we do know is that it will not bring peace to the coalfields unless the suspicion, bred of past errors, can be dispelled. That is why we urge the Government, instead of fiddling with the problem of suppressing Trotskyists and passing laws to muzzle agitators, to do something which everyone will recognise as meaning a new deal, by taking the coal mines, finally and definitely, into the hands of the State.

A MODERN CHARTIST

ONLY a rash man would fight a British election on an issue of foreign policy. But the sons of peers can, more than most men, allow themselves to act rashly, and Captain the Hon. William Douglas-Home, son of the Earl of Home, of Coldstream, Berwickshire, chose, in the by-election at Clay Cross, Derbyshire, to call himself an Atlantic Charter candidate. The main theme of his campaign was that Churchill, by saying it does not apply as of right to Germany, has torn up the Charter and returned to power politics.

I spent a few days trying to discover the effect of this somewhat unusual approach to the electors. They are mostly miners—agricultural workers are the only other considerable section—and mostly in the habit of voting Labour. At the last election they gave George Ridley a majority of more than 16,000 over a Conservative opponent. They regard any opposition to Labour with tolerant condescension.

Captain Douglas-Home tried to shake them up. He is a slight, good-looking young officer with a pale face and a neat turn of phrase:

> "Many politicians in this country are as crooked as the spire of Chesterfield Church, and nothing like as near to God."
>
> "If you vote like machines you will be treated like machines; if you vote like free men and women you will be treated like free men and women."
>
> "Help me to bring Christianity into politics—it is better 1900 years late than never."
>
> "A military second front without a moral second front will merely be a politicians' massacre."

He attacked Churchill and the Conservatives for tearing up the Charter, but even more bitterly he attacked the Labour Party for doing nothing about it. He was particularly scornful of the withdrawal of the Commons motion on the Atlantic Charter because Churchill threatened to treat it as a vote of censure—"Let him have a vote of censure if he does something contemptible like that."

He went over the Charter with me, clause by clause.

The First (no aggrandisement) he thought might still be part of our policy in a general sort of way, though it does not seem to be taken seriously by some of our Allies. The Second (no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the peoples concerned) has been killed by the decision to accept the 1940 Russo-Polish frontier and compensate Poland at the expense of Germany. The Third (the right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live) has long ago been weakened by Churchill's explanation that it could not apply to the British Empire. The Fourth (access to trade and raw materials) specifically included "victor or vanquished" and loses its meaning if the Charter does not apply to Germany—and presumably the other enemy nations—as of right. All the clauses which refer to "all peoples" and "all nations" and "all men" have lost their validity by the exclusion of Germany "as of right"—and that means clauses Three, Four, Five, Six and Seven.

Clause Eight (permanent peace and the disarmament of aggressors) still has some meaning, but Captain Douglas-Home contends that "the abandonment of the use of force" cannot be achieved through a victory won by force alone. The only moral to be drawn from such a victory would be that the Germans had not made themselves strong enough. Bombs without peace aims will lay the foundation for new wars.

So, of the eight clauses which were to have inspired the world, there remain only the first, a little shaky, and the last, the object of which has been undermined.

Captain Douglas-Home drove me out one night to a meeting in a schoolroom in Shirebrook, the largest centre of population in the Division. It was quite a good meeting—there were more than 100 people in the little schoolroom—and they listened attentively while he attacked Churchill's foreign policy and Labour's inaction.

> "Labour politicians in the House of Commons," he told them, "are worse than the Conservatives because they don't believe what they say—or if they do they are saying things very different from what they said five years ago. If a man is going to forsake his principles merely because he is told to do so, he is no use. He should be thrown out.
>
> "Our leaders have overthrown the rights of man and the ideal of international justice in favour of power politics, and Labour does nothing about it. In 1935 they said the Power Politics were evil and bred war. They were right. Now they say: 'Let others risk all for an ideal. Let us risk nothing for £600 a year.' If ever there was a time when the international ideal of justice, or socialism, if you like, was needed, it is now. Yet none of them lifts a little finger.
>
> "How can anyone abroad believe in the honesty of this country or trust our word, when a solemn declaration like the Charter is torn up without a protest from Parliament or people?"

When he had finished the audience asked questions about the nationalisation of the mines and whether it was right that an Earl's son should inherit a coronet and a miner's son go down the pits.

Afterwards Captain Douglas-Home took me across to the big taproom of a local public house. He believes in the value of personal contacts in taverns and miners' welfare centres and at street corners, and he mixes easily with all kinds and conditions of men. In a couple of minutes he was seated at a round table, debating energetically over pints of beer with a group of miners and railwaymen and a Home Guard sergeant. Sometimes he tried to talk about the Charter, but they talked about mines.

I commented on the fact to a local butcher, who had acted as the candidate's chairman. "Since this campaign began," he replied, "several of my customers have asked me what the Atlantic Charter is."

But of course that is not the explanation of their apparent indifference to the subject. Most miners are shrewd and politically conscious, and know quite well what the Charter is. It was not till a day or two later that what I believe to be the real explanation dawned on me.

The miners are not disturbed by the tearing up of the Charter simply because they have always taken it for granted that would happen. There is no class of people in the country more sceptical about Government promises—of which they have had much experience—and they do not expect them to be kept in foreign affairs any more than in home affairs. Captain Douglas-Home's shocked indignation seemed to them naive.

The other independent candidate, Philip Hicken, who calls himself anti-Fascist, understood their point of view. Himself a former miner, now a railway shunter, he has been in the working-class movement in the division for more than thirty years, first in the Labour Party, then for ten years in the Communist Party, recently outside the parties. He dismissed the Atlantic Charter as "in any case a nebulous statement which might mean anything," and got down to nationalisation and service pay and the release of Mosley. The miners, he said, no longer trust the Labour Party or their own leaders—they trust nobody and have a sense of despair.

Votes might be given for Captain Douglas-Home, I decided, because he was young and sincere; because he was an earl's son who was at ease in taprooms; because he stressed morality and honesty in a stronghold of Methodism; because the official Labour candidate, Harold Neal, is a checkweighman and vice-president of the Derbyshire Miners' Association; because people are tired of the Government and Labour's part in it, but not—or at least not many—because he was an Atlantic Charter candidate.

WANDERER

A LONDON DIARY

Mr. Stettinius has not himself plenary powers, but it is obvious that the views he brings, and the recommendations he takes back from the present discussions in London are of the first importance. He is presumably taking part in the discussions about getting Rumania and other Satellites out of the war, and conferring on many topics with the London Advisory Committee. With him is Isaiah Bowman, one of America's foremost geographers, who came over with Wilson to help in the map-drawing of Europe after the last war. If the stories that reach me are true about projects for dividing Germany into several separate and unhistoric parts, the need will not be for a geography expert, but for a magician to tell us how these strange new units are to have any economic or political existence.

* * *

I am expecting shortly to hear that the protracted discussions with Spain have come to an end. What is Franco going to do—or promise—in exchange for again getting his supplies of oil? The Americans were standing out for a total embargo on wolfram to Germany, backing their demand with the argument that only a total embargo permits proper inspection. If five or ten per cent. of previous exports are still to go to Germany, how are the Allies to check what is really sent? However, I gather a compromise has been reached on a small percentage. Six more of the Italian merchant ships have been released (I reported the surrender of an earlier batch some weeks ago) and a mixed tribunal is to decide on the remaining two. A special court is also to consider the position of Italian warships in Spanish hands. But the Allies seem not to have succeeded in getting rid of the German Consulate in Tangier. Franco has promised to "tighten up" the control of all German agencies in Tangier and Spain itself. I should not have thought such a compromise solution good enough for the Allies, when they must surely be in a strong enough position to upset Franco altogether.

* * *

I am told that Torres, the Spanish Liberal who was turned off the air because Sir Samuel Hoare reported that Franco did not like him talking about the Atlantic Charter, has now been told he may broadcast, but on conditions which make it, in fact, impossible for him to do so. He may broadcast if he promises not to mention any of the personalities or issues involved in current Spanish affairs.

* * *

Since most people are tired and want a holiday, I learnt with sorrow and sympathy that thousands of Civil Servants would be working as usual on Good Friday. But my sympathy turned sour when I talked to a friend in Whitehall, who explained that nearly everyone in his department could easily have got through the work by Thursday afternoon and that Friday would be a very slack day with double pay. Very long hours in the Civil Service, as elsewhere, have the effect of making everyone waste time until the date line looks near, when there is a violent scramble to get finished. Perhaps because of the necessary rush in 1940, perhaps for fear that someone will say the Civil Service is slack, perhaps because people like getting double money—whatever the reason, work has to be done on public holidays. I do not know whether an ingeniously phrased parliamentary question could discover how many hundreds of thousands of pounds are wasted in this way. I know that a parliamentary question, however ingenious, could discover the real wastage which accumulates through lack of holidays, because people are ill, tired, out of temper and consequently inefficient.

* * *

This is not, I'm glad to say, a "total war." There are still bits of civilised intercourse left between some of the belligerents, remnants of those decencies which maintained during war, may yet prevent peace from being no more than the equivalent of a truce between barbaric tribes. Parcels go regularly to British soldiers in German prison camps, and come also, I presume, to German prisoners in Allied countries. British prisoners receive books in German camps and compete in British University examinations. Another pleasant little bit of civilisation is the despatch from our Royal Horticultural Association of flower and vegetable seeds to British prisoners of war in Germany. When a camp is established in Germany the Horticultural Society (with the collaboration of the Canadian Prisoners of War Relations Association and the Ontario Agricultural Society) find out the needs and possibilities and inform the British seedsmen who give the seeds. They are despatched with other parcels through the International Red Cross. I have before me extracts from letters of thanks received from British prisoners of war. They describe the wonderful refreshment of body and mind they get from having gardens and being able to grow their own flowers and at least a part of the vegetables they need. One writer sends sketches of the flower beds in luxuriant bloom planted near the barbed wire. All of them show that this contact with home and with civilised life makes just the difference between an internment that is hell and one which is a purgatory to be endured, sanely and with hope.

* * *

I have in front of me a full summary of the remarkable Pastoral Letter issued to the German Church by Archbishop Groeber of Freiburg. It is an eloquent appeal for a return to a Christian and, more surprising, a "humanitarian" faith, with an explicit condemnation of Nazi philosophy and a denunciation of "unjust war." The Christian, he says, extends his allegiance beyond the nation to the whole of humanity. The valuable citizen is not part of a "submissive herd," following every new slogan, but takes a responsible and personal stand. Naturally, he condemns the materialism of Bolshevism, but to the Germans the striking passages must be the argument that having deprived man of his likeness to God and his faith in immortality the *Herrenmensch* (he uses the word) is only "an animal which stands upright and is decked out in fashionable clothes; a blond beast, and nothing more." With no fear of immortality "a man who in an unjust war hunts hundreds of thousands to their death and engulfs the world in misery as if in a cloudburst," may continue in his wickedness with the idea that he may find a final "refuge in suicide." Finally, the Archbishop condemns the official propaganda which makes "hardness" the only answer to the present desperate state of Germany. A return to Christianity and a faith in humanity are the true remedies.

* * *

I am glad to see that Stanley Unwin, speaking the other day to the Royal Institution on the business of publishing, was very downright about the idiotic policy of starving publishers of paper. It is indeed, as he said, ironical that "at the moment when for the first time 'the public' is clamouring, not merely for books, but for good books, most of the good books are unobtainable or in short supply." The figures given by Mr. Unwin show that the serious shortage is not to be justified by lack of shipping space or labour or material. Nationally speaking, the increase necessary to satisfy the needs of the book trade are negligible. The total paper allowed all publishers (including the recent 2½ per cent. increase) for the entire year is less than 22,000 tons. Another 8,000 tons, Mr. Unwin explains, would solve the problem. Publishers could renew publication of books in demand and publish adequate editions of new books. "But that is not the whole story—the ration was arbitrarily based upon the consumption during what was for most book publishers a disastrous year, though for a few firms, such as a newspaper with big gift book schemes, an unusually favourable one." Thus to-day, urgently wanted medical and scientific books published by the most reputable firms are impossible to obtain, while the bookstalls are flooded with the tons of literature which does not even pretend to be anything but the most ephemeral trash. Government departments cannot get essential books, and the War Office has suddenly found itself "confronted with an acute shortage of all the books needed for their post-armistice educational schemes." The remedy is not to apply an invidious selection among publishers and their wares, but to increase the paper allocation.

* * *

The congregation for the Three Hours' Devotion on Good Friday included a surprising number of men and boys; not one in uniform, however. In the immense nave of the Minster the parson's voice sounded slow and faint. "Let us, for three minutes of silence, fix our whole minds and hearts on the First Word of the Cross," he said; and the people knelt in a deepening quiet. Far off there sounded a mutter which swelled to a huge reverberation, as the great bomber swung round the tower, the habitual mark for training flights in a flat land. The Cathedral shuddered and echoed; the roar of the engines was stitched with the cries of the jackdaws, starting up from their nest-building in the pinnacles. The din circled and died as the plane flew away; the commentary of twentieth-century Christendom on Christianity was over. We did as we were told. We thought of the First Word—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

CRITIC

MASTER OF THE HOUSE

On the eve of our invasion,
When the Home Front tasks redouble,
The Great Inquest of the nation
Has been having servant trouble.

But the mistress knuckles under
When she meets with staff displeasure—
All admit it is a blunder
To dismiss a perfect treasure.

So the household heeds the summons,
Vows in future not to grouse,
And the Servant of the Commons
Stays, the Master of the House.

Old Song

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to J. Stagg.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Listeners will be expecting to hear some extracts from Handel's Messiah, but as to-morrow is Easter Monday there will be instead some football announcements.—Announcer: B.B.C. Forces Programme.

My husband has just returned from a compulsory Home Guard parade. This consisted of an address by his battalion commander on "The Early History of India from 1513–1717."—Letter in *Picture Post*.

Officers are not to wear naval uniform at fancy dress balls. . . . They are not prohibited, however, from appearing at fancy dress balls in uniform of a date anterior to 1843.—(King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions).

Perhaps I might also refer to a statement of policy which has recently been issued by the Labour Party, in which it is proposed to take over and put under State ownership all the food production factories in Great Britain, including your fruit and vegetable canneries. This proposal strikes at the foundation of British liberty, the Magna Charta, which specifically provides that, except in time of war, there shall be freedom to trade.—Company Report in *Times*.

THE RE-EDUCATION OF GERMAN PRISONERS

[From a Correspondent]

In recent weeks an increasing number of reports of suicides of German anti-Nazi prisoners of war in Allied camps has appeared in the press. The reason for these suicides has invariably been an organised Nazi terror in these camps. This sad state of affairs is due to the fact that the Nazis are allowed a large amount of "autonomy" in ruling the camps and to the lack of proper political instruction by the Allied Governments. Thus prisoners who have become dissatisfied with the Nazi regime and ideology do not see any other way out of their difficulties than to commit suicide.

Under the blows of the Red Army on the Eastern Front and the Allied bombing offensive on Germany, the German Army and Home Front are gradually learning the logical result of the theories expounded in *Mein Kampf*. They are beginning to awaken from eleven years of trance caused by Nazi propaganda and education, and in this way they are receiving their first bitter lesson in re-education. But whilst Nazism is gradually losing its ideological grip on the German Army and people, it is allowed to flourish almost without interference in the hothouse atmosphere of Allied prisoners of war camps.

The Soviet Government recognised at an early date the importance of education in the camps for German prisoners of war. This propaganda work, which started shortly after the invasion of Soviet territory by the Nazis, has been highly successful. It culminated last year in the formation of the National Committee of Free Germany and the Union of German Officers in the U.S.S.R. Under the auspices of these organisations, which claim that in some camps 90 per cent. of the prisoners are collaborating with them, prisoners of war are regularly broadcasting to the German lines, and it has been stated by Soviet sources that the recent Nazi defeats in the Ukraine have partly been caused by the growing effectiveness of this propaganda.

It has repeatedly been suggested that Britain and the U.S.A. should follow the example of their Russian Allies and start large-scale re-education of German prisoners of war in their hands. An objection raised against this is an alleged bar by an International Convention on Prisoners of War to which Germany but not the Soviet Union is a party. It seems worth while to ascertain whether there is any substance in this objection.

The legal status of prisoners of war in this country is governed by the International Convention Relative to the Treatment of Prisoners of War, signed at Geneva on July 27th, 1929, and ratified by twenty-seven nations, amongst which are Great Britain and Germany. The question whether it was to be permitted to the contracting parties to influence the minds and ideas of prisoners of war in their hands was discussed to a considerable extent by the diplomatic conference which preceded the Convention. The draft convention contained the following passage: "Belligerents will abstain from any religious, political or social propaganda towards prisoners of war for the purpose of causing damage to the enemy." It was not by accident that the main opposition against this clause came from the British delegation. It should be remembered that the British Government in the last war were the first to recognise the value of political instruction as a legitimate weapon of war, and it may be assumed that the attitude of the British delegation was largely influenced by this fact. The British delegation demanded the omission of this clause (Art. 3 subs. 2 of the Draft Convention) from the final text, and their principal argument that it would be very difficult to distinguish between "legitimate" and "illegitimate" propaganda was accepted by the sub-committee of the Conference. Professor Werner, the Representative of the Red Cross Committee and Rapporteur of the Conference, agreed with the British point of view. He pointed out in his report that subsection 2 had originally been inserted in the draft as it had appeared to certain people that there had been an abuse of propaganda during the last war, but on behalf of the sub-committee he suggested the deletion of the sub-section, which would give rise to certain difficulties and the interpretation of which was open to doubt.

It should be noted that even those delegates at the Conference who were in favour of the insertion of Art. 3 subs. 2 in the final text based their opinion on the alleged *abuse* of the weapon of propaganda during the last war; in other words, even they recognised the legitimacy of propaganda as a general principle in international law, and they only desired to create a protection against possible abuses of this weapon. However, neither the original draft of sub-section 2 nor the alternative suggestion of the Greek delegation which demanded that belligerents should abstain from any kind of propaganda towards the prisoners of war in their hands, nor a similar suggestion by the delegates of Uruguay which provided that belligerents should abstain from any religious, political or social propaganda towards enemy prisoners of war, were eventually adopted by the Conference. Article 3 was passed without any second sub-section, and thus the final text of the Convention does not contain any provision forbidding or restricting the use of propaganda with regard to prisoners of war. It would therefore appear that even if elementary political and historical education of prisoners of war who have grown up under the Nazi system could be classified as propaganda, there is no rule of international law which makes the adoption of such a course illegal.

Moreover, what German prisoners of war in Allied hands really need is not so much propaganda as a proper and sober presentation of the elementary facts of their own German history, contemporary politics and geography. One of the main problems for the German people after the defeat of Hitler will be their psychological readjustment and their re-education in the spirit of freedom and democracy. One of the principal activities for German prisoners of war is to prepare themselves for the tasks with which they will be faced after the war, and one of the most important of these tasks is the question of re-education. It is interesting to note that the preparation for this task is not only not banned by the Geneva Convention, but is even encouraged by it. Article 17 provides: "Belligerents shall encourage as much as possible the organisation of intellectual and sporting pursuits by the prisoners of war." Considering the history and origin of the Nazi war of aggression, can one imagine a more important "intellectual pursuit" for German prisoners of war than to receive thorough and well-balanced information about the true backgrounds of this conflict?

The fear that the Nazis may adopt reprisals and start Nazi propaganda in their camps for Allied prisoners of war need not frighten the British and American Governments. Allied soldiers know what they are fighting for. They have not been doped by their Governments for the last decade, and their democratic education has immunised them against the poison of Hitlerite propaganda. This is one of the essential advantages which Democracy has in its fight against Fascism.

The re-education of the German people—and the German prisoners of war are an essential part of them—is not so much a question of humanitarianism, but one of the decisive conditions for the rebuilding of Europe on a peaceful and democratic basis. If the spirit of Nazism and Prussianism is allowed to continue its sinister growth in Allied camps for German prisoners of war, and if the prisoners do not receive proper instruction on the elements of politics, history and geography, the return of these prisoners to their homeland will constitute a serious threat to any schemes for the moral regeneration of the German people within the framework of a democratic civilisation. They will carry with them the dangerous germ of a new Nazi Fascist infection after the defeat of Hitler's Germany by the United Nations, and they may create one of the causes for a new German war of aggression.

"A POLICEMAN'S LOT . . ."

So rapidly has the dull monotony of working a beat reduced us pioneer members of the Police War Reserve to a state of physical weariness and mental lethargy that, after more than four years on the streets, we find it difficult to deliver a constructive judgment on our far from perfect police system with minds free from personal prejudice.

In the early days we were regarded by regular members of the Force as unwelcome intruders. At the best we were tolerated, but not accepted as responsible police officers; at the worst we were ignored and treated as interlopers incapable of upholding the high tradition of the service.

Not until the 1940 "blitz" was there any visible change in the strained relationship between Regular and Auxiliary. When both found themselves starting at scratch in the front-line job preserving life and property in air raids, what had been a strict caste system showed visible signs of cracking. Even the Regular police constable, whose mind invariably has acquired a suspicious quality by virtue of his training and experience, found that confession to someone outside the Force was good for his soul. So it came about that in the critical days when the night raids were at their height, it was the poor, despised War Reserve who learned from the Regulars that those who had joined the Force as a career, full of confidence that promotion on merit lay just round the corner, were a disillusioned and disgruntled body of men.

Pay, compared with that of the Auxiliary, is princely. In fact, the vast majority of Regular officers admit that, but for the reasonably comfortable standard of life they enjoy, thousands of them would have left the service for work where initiative is not at a discount. Unhappily, by the time the Regular constable realises that his chances of promotion have vanished, he is too old to have either the inclination or the ability to better himself economically in the open labour market.

The Regular is, indeed, full of his own woes. But he is less responsive to the grievances of the poor Auxiliary, who, after four full years of service, is thirty shillings a week worse off than a Regular colleague with the same length of service. He cannot understand our sense of frustration when Mr. Morrison still refuses to recognise that, as experienced policemen, we are worth more than a miserable basic weekly wage of £3 18s. 6d., with an extra five shillings when and if, we are considered to be proficient.

Our Regular colleagues are not overpaid, but at least they are able to provide their wives and families with the necessities, and even a few of the luxuries, of life. Ask any Auxiliary whether he begrudges the Regulars their higher standard of living. His reply will be that no rate of pay, however high, would induce him to enter the police as a career; not until men who sacrifice so much personal liberty when they join the service are freed from the atmosphere of fear and threats that now dominates their lives.

The Regular deserves every penny he receives. Therefore, if the Auxiliary of four years' service is doing his job efficiently, he, too, should be worth at least as much as a Regular who joined the Force at the same time.

More than two years ago, Mr. Morrison filled us with high hopes when he gave us an organisation through which to represent our grievances to the Home Office. Like the Regular Police Federation, it has proved entirely inadequate as an instrument for improving our financial conditions of service. Regulars and Auxiliaries share a common grievance in being denied any form of national arbitration machinery to resolve disputes between themselves and the Home Office on any subject relating to pay and conditions.

Early this year the Auxiliary Police Association

representing all War Reserve and full time Special Constables in the country, took the unprecedented step of reporting to Mr. Bevin the existence of a trade dispute between its members and Mr. Morrison. It went further. Against the Police Disciplinary Code Rules, it informed the press of the desperate economic plight of Auxiliaries, and appealed to all members of the House of Commons to support its claim for "the rate for the job." Such courting of disciplinary action by a body of men, too commonly known as "cut price coppers," made the members of the Regular force blink with amazement. They did not necessarily agree that we were justified in our claim for the Regulars' rate of pay, but they did at last realise that they share with us the need for national arbitration machinery, or an independent standing committee, to judge claims for better pay and conditions, when representations to the Home Office have been ignored.

Members of all parties in Parliament have promised to support the Auxiliary case when it is debated in the House of Commons shortly. Many were at first incredulous when they were assured that a War Reserve constable, whatever his size of family, receives in his weekly pay packet only £4 3s. 6d., even if he has been granted his proficiency pay.

The duties of the Auxiliary are identical with those of Regular members of the Force. We are answerable to the same rigid disciplinary code and liable to heavy fines or reductions in pay should we fail, through lack of knowledge on intricate points of police duty, to "make the grade" expected of Regular officers.

In one respect alone are we divorced from the police service. For purposes of pay we are linked with the Civil Defence. To supplement our pittance we are compelled to seek part-time work if our families are to be decently fed and clothed. More often than not this leads to the Auxiliary not being in a fit condition to carry out his street duties with the alertness and efficiency the public has the right to expect of him.

The Auxiliary provides an interesting cross-section of society drawn from many professions and trades, and it is because he is still essentially a civilian and a democrat in outlook that he has authorised his representative body to take the law into its own hands and appeal to members of the House of Commons to put pressure on Mr. Morrison to redress an injustice that is rapidly becoming a social scandal.

When the Home Secretary received a deputation of the Auxiliary Police Association more than a year ago, he admitted that the Auxiliary performed the duties, and shared the responsibilities, of the Regular officer. He agreed that, according to reports he had received, the job was being done well; but, he added, "as a body of men, you are unlucky in your choice of service; you are policemen, but you must receive Civil Defence basic pay." That pay, he said, was, and presumably is still, the taxable equivalent of that of a married private soldier with one dependent child. With this unconvincing explanation as the sole crumb of comfort, we had to be satisfied.

Even one of His Majesty's Inspectors of Constabulary, Colonel G. H. R. Halland, as early in the war as March, 1940, stated in his report to the Home Office that the Police War Reserve was a Police Auxiliary service and not a Civil Defence service. After stressing the fact that its members had the same duties, hours, risks and exposure—day and night—as the Regular force, he added: "He has to take his share of patrolling, working beats and other police duties of a varied character. His conditions of service and equipment should, therefore, be considered in comparison with those of the Regular police, rather than with those of the full-time Civil Defence services. In the case of allowances, in particular, it is becoming increasingly realised that a closer alignment with the Regular police is desirable."

It is in a mood of intense frustration that the vast majority of loyal and conscientious volunteer Auxiliaries continue to do the exacting job they performed throughout the blitz period. Almost all of them are over thirty-five, and a large proportion are ex-Servicemen nearing the age of fifty. They would never countenance any thought of strike action, but they are determined to let Parliament and the public know that financially they are worse off than the lowest paid agricultural or unskilled industrial worker. As police officers in a position of trust they consider it a disgrace that they should be compelled to apply to Auxiliary Benevolent Funds in increasing numbers for charitable grants.

After several years of economic penury, trying to keep his family on a totally inadequate income, his sense of loyalty has become sorely strained. If it is not to reach breaking point, Mr. Morrison would do well to give his sympathetic attention to claims patiently put forward in the past two years on behalf of a body of men who, in his own words, have done their wartime job well.

WAR RESERVE

"WHAT IS SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE . . ."

THE project of reviving *The Philanderer* has turned out better than might have been expected. It was obvious that the audience at The Arts Theatre thoroughly enjoyed this minor play of Shaw's, which was the second play he wrote. He labelled it a "topical comedy" in 1893, and topical then it certainly was. It was made out of the horrified reactions of the late 'eighties towards Ibsen, the early stages of Woman's Emancipation (isn't that a fine old-fashioned phrase?) with which Ibsen was associated in the public mind, and out of the dramatist's early amorous experiences. Shaw's first three attempts to become a dramatist were thwarted. They ended in complete failure: *Widowers' Houses* (1892) was a *scandal d'estime* and only performed a few times; *The Philanderer* found no one to produce it, while in 1894 the far more important *Mrs. Warren's Profession* was destroyed by that worm at the root of English drama, that institution of recanting humbug, the Censorship of Plays, active now (don't forget it), and of which the records of good plays and even masterpieces banned are so ignominious.

What was once quarrelsomely topical in *The Philanderer* has now become amusingly "periodical"—to lend a new sense to that word. But to-day this actually helps an audience to enjoy the play. It makes it easier to relish its wit and to respond generally in that detached way favourable to the enjoyment of any comedy which perpetually borders on farce with here and there a hint of suffering in it. Many readers of *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant* must have left the Arts Theatre last week wondering why on earth the author has ever classified *The Philanderer* among the latter. Yet I can assure them that when those two volumes first appeared this play was thought the most unpleasant of the lot. It even shook the equilibrium of the intellectual, free-thinking William Archer, the translator and champion of Ibsen. If I can trust a powerful but inaccurate memory, Archer went so far as to say in print when he read this play that he felt inclined to cut his friend Shaw. Charteris in the play had struck him as an unspeakable cad; and as, later on, in the case of Tanner in *Man and Superman*, there was no getting away from the identification of Charteris with Bernard Shaw himself. The beard, and the description of Charteris (*The Quintessence of Ibsenism* had appeared in 1891). as "the great Ibsenist philosopher!" What was it then that shocked Archer? Well, roughly, precisely what shocks the two representatives of the older generation, the fathers in the play, Colonel Craven and the dramatic critic Cuthbertson: Charteris' lack of chivalry towards women and his shamelessness in discussing openly his intimate relations with them. Archer could not tolerate either the attitude towards love between man and woman exhibited in *The Philanderer*. In this connection it is interesting to recall also the reaction of a level-headed French critic, Augustin Filon, writing as long afterwards as 1905, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Filon complained that Charteris was a cold-blooded Don Juan who had degenerated into a male-flirt. *C'est un homme qui ne fait la cour aux femmes ni pour le bon ni pour le mauvais motif . . . Que veut-il? S'amuser. Seulement—comme on l'a dit des Anglais en général—il s'amuse tristement; il y a dans l'attitude de ce séducteur glacial et dégoûté quelque-chose qui n'est pas très viril. On dit la société anglaise infestée de ces gens-là.* This comment is characteristic of the Latin temper of mind, and it also suggests some explanation why Shaw's plays (apart from the inferiority of the French translations) have roused comparatively little interest in France. The anti-romantic treatment of love in them has neither shocked nor attracted French audiences. While English audiences with their puritan tradition have been either scandalised or delighted, the French have been rather bored by it. On the one hand, they were prepared to be far more cynical than Shaw about sex, and on the other, more respectful to passion as a blessed relief from the platitude of experience. So Shaw did not interest them in either direction. From the point of view of criticism, the most interesting aspect of this comparatively unskilful yet witty and penetrating early comedy is that it foreshadows his subsequent treatment of love and the man versus woman situation throughout his career as a dramatist. Here for the first time are contrasted the two types of womanhood which recur in his subsequent plays; Julia Craven, the acquisitive possessive type, whom the man who wants to call his soul his own or has an aim in life must resist at all costs, and Grace Tranfield, who possesses herself a "masculine" sense of independence and purpose. The first reappears as Cleopatra, Ann (though for Ann in *Man and Superman* a temporary biological justification is presented), the charmer in *The Apple Cart*—to mention only a few; while the prototypes of Grace are Candida, Lady Cecily, Barbara, and Lavinia in *Androcles and the Lion*, and Saint Joan if you like to add her to the list. The two contrasted types are also to be found in the novels. (This point, by the way, is brought out in Mr. E. Strauss's *Bernard Shaw, Art and Socialism* (Gollancz), a book which I implore anyone interested in Bernard Shaw to purchase at once.) In *The Philanderer*, Charteris escapes from the passionate acquisitive Julia, and is rejected (for precisely his own reasons) by Grace. The operative passages of the theme lie in Grace's declaration that she will never marry Charteris just because she does love him and would necessarily lose her independence if she did, in Charteris' line when he retracts his lover-like assertion that his future happiness depends upon Grace: "Ah no; why should I lie? My happiness depends on no one but myself. I can do without you," and in Grace's reconciliation with Julia after the latter has accepted Paramore whom she does not love at all: "You have shewn him (Charteris) that you can do without him. Now I take back everything I have said. Will you shake hands with me? They think this a happy ending, Julia—these men—our lords and masters." Here for Shaw lay the "unpleasantness" of the comedy. Moral: Ibsen's lesson had not been learnt and women will never be "emancipated" until those like Julia are taught that they can't be free to have love affairs outside marriage without allowing men equal freedom to break off such relations, and until other men do not pamper them by insisting that they should be treated "chivalrously," and lastly, until women are economically independent of marriage. In Charteris Julia caught an unchivalrous tartar. Serve her right, and an excellent lesson for her; but it was far from right that circumstances should have pushed her into marrying Paramore for whom she did not care.

The performance of the Arts Theatre Company (to be continued till April 30) is moderately good. *The Philanderer* is not an easy play to act, because, admirably dramatic as the opening scene is

(Charteris and Grace making love), and extremely amusing as several of the others are, the playwright's skill is in places deficient. There is no limit to the verve required from the actors. Julia needs to be acted with more violence than Miss Haythorne provided; nor did she look the jealous termagant with famished eye and hate-inhaling nostril. Mr. Edward Byrne forgot that in Cuthbertson he was impersonating that exuberant dramatic critic Clement Scott, whose romantic gusto in praising "the manly man and womanly woman" and cursing the foul hideousness of Ibsen, rushed along the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* in the 'eighties. Mr. Byrne made Cuthbertson into a mild, depressed elderly man. Again, a good deal of the fun of Colonel Craven, who thanks to Paramore's diagnosis of his liver believes himself a dying man, was lost in Mr. McLaughlin not willy-nilly betraying by every movement that he was a man in exuberant health. It was no doubt difficult for Mr. Richard Wordsworth to represent Charteris visibly without having known G.B.S. in the days of his vigour: that fantastic alacrity, those doubling-ups in laughter, those tossings back of head and beard, those gestures of quizzical consideration and utter amazement which Granville Barker mimicked so well as Tanner, were absent from his impersonation. His facial expressions were limited too frequently to those of mere perplexity, which is not right. Still, it was by no means a bad performance. Miss Blake got all the fun (comparatively easy) out of the would-be masculine little Sylvia, and Miss Barbara Waring was admirably and quietly dignified as Grace Tranfield. But there was no doubt about it, the audience enjoyed the whole performance, myself included, though it is my duty to pick holes as well as to respond. DESMOND MACCARTHY

THE MOVIES

"The Heavenly Body," at the Empire.
"Tender Comrade," at the Odeon.
"On Approval," at the Leicester Square.

Diary of a film fancier. Returned from Easter, from primrosing and enjoying Mr. Manvell's Pelican on films, to find half a dozen new pictures in Town. Jack London in the Strand, Buffalo Bill at Marble Arch; both too much in the wilds. It would take all day to get from one to the other. I shall travel Leicester Square instead, beginning from the north.

10.30 a.m. and the Empire front rows filling. Man with his hat on. Will he take it off? No; but after a while he agrees to move. I am flanked by American sergeants. They laugh at the title *The Heavenly Body*, and go on laughing from time to time, in unison, so that I know the funny bits even when they miss me. William Powell is an astronomer and wears a bearskin cap while discovering his new planet that will hit the moon. Nice surroundings; nice job. His love life suffers, though. Hedy Lamarr, watching him go off on the night shift, looks unsatisfied. He doesn't drink. He says, "Proceed, my dear." After blackout she stands for a minute at the lighted window so that he can look down through his telescope and murmur—whatever it is he always murmurs. The local warden pulls her up for that; grubbily handsome, with his banjo, he is really much more her kind of man; and she has gone to an astrologer who foretells a dark stranger, etc. Well, after a few minutes I had had enough of Miss Lamarr. She belongs to the silent days, or perhaps to the feelies of the future; anyway, she puts a brake on here. Her contribution to farce is a sad unliveliness. But dear old Powell works his charm, and when I laughed (which I did intermittently) it was thanks to him. The fun of heavenly and human bodies, of astronomy versus astrology, is neatly but rather wearisomely worked out. Can't recommend strongly.

Approaching the east side of the Square, I join wrong queue; so lunch at Quality Inn. Then to the Odeon, where Ginger Rogers fans have seen one performance and are waiting for the next. I am a fan, too, but this isn't the sort of story, all goodbyes and being brave, I warm to. Miss Rogers looks at His photograph and thinks back, has a baby and then a long speech telling the little guy that Daddy won't come back. There are four other girls mooning over photographs, too. A bit too much. We have done this story ourselves, infinitely better, in *Millions Like Us*.

Travelling south, past Hogarth's statue in the afternoon sun: the people sitting on benches might be Hogarth's, too. Very different accents and atmosphere in the Leicester Square Cinema, where I have to pay six shillings for my seat. However, it's worth it, and *On Approval*, with Clive Brook acting and directing, is the reward of a hard day. A comedy by Frederick Lonsdale has been pushed back into the 'nineties and handled delicately. Clive Brook has a touch with the camera—graceful, gentlemanly, personal; after this, one must add his name to Asquith's among the exponents of English life. *On Approval* makes the most of its old fashions; its naughtiness, like its clothes, is delightfully old-fashioned; and Clive Brook, Beatrice Lillie, Googie Withers and Roland Culver have style as a matrimonial quartette, though Miss Lillie's manner doesn't glitter on the screen. One reviewer has welcomed this film as lesser Guitry; there's a taste, perhaps, of *The Guardsman*, too. Leave the very English accents of screen and back stalls, hoping to see more of Mr. Clive Brook as a director.

Hogarth's people still sitting outside. 6.30. Evening papers and evening queues. Work finished, I go to assume the far lighter duties of a Home Guard.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Redfern Gallery

Moynihan was always the bad boy of the school; he was less intellectual and more temperamental than a Eustonian should be. One suspected him of taking lessons out of class from Manet; and, like his private tutor, of hankering after easy triumphs. For that he might have lost his tie. Nevertheless, Moynihan was profiting all the time by the austere discipline of Euston and the tempting insinuations of Manet. Both have helped him to produce this lovely *Nude* (No. 1 in the catalogue), the best picture he has painted yet: Titian also may have given a bit of advice. That there is something amiss with the right-hand bottom corner no critic will fail to point out. The passage has been worked and overworked, and yet the forms of hand and foot remain indefinite. This weakness, however, does not suffice to upset the balance of the composition, which is remarkable. The placing—the cornering, one might almost say—of the figure is worthy of a master; the movement of the head and shoulders which gives life, and desirable life, to the whole is beautiful; the picture, its imperfections notwithstanding, is an achievement. So, on a less ambitious scale, is *No.* 25—Portrait of an A.T., while even the Generals, like curates' eggs, are excellent in parts. There is an admirable landscape (*Gillan Cove*) and some interesting *Still Life*: a thoroughly good, mixed bag.

Moynihan is a born painter. That is just what Bores, who has the second room to himself, is not. He has adopted the modern idiom, not because it is the idiom in which he can best say what he has to say, but because it is modern. The result is unconvincing. In Room 3 are paintings of Africa and Italy by Cecil Michaelis.

"Meet Me Victoria," at the Victoria Palace.

There is a charming flavour, domestic and local, about the new Lupino Lane musical. Three members of this inexhaustible stage family are in the cast, there is a scene under the station clock, and the story is all about that railway which has so obligingly sent across the road the porter's uniforms and other effects. Lupino Lane has found another version of his sparrowy little man, always in and out of trouble; this time he is Bill Fish, the porter, and his sweetheart pushes a tea-wagon and wears a white overall. Dorothy Ward is fine as the Strong Woman; she must possess the last pair of authentic Principal Boy tights (and thighs) in England. Lauri Lupino Lane, a young recruit, has a big, plump version of the family face, the family's suppleness and sense of timing, Wallace Lupino's "Dad" is a perfect piece of solid Cockneyism. Miss Phyllis Robins with her big mouth and spun-glass hair has exactly the perky charm needed for Lupino Lane's partner. Among their numbers they have one in which they use puppet figures of themselves, but all through the show their sketch of musical-comedy sentiment and drama has the quality of puppetry, assured and feather-light. Inevitably it is Lupino Lane's evening. The embarrassment that flickers across his face when in his mock-ballet sequence the male chorus catch him in the splits and whisk him to their shoulders, his mounting exasperation with the lady who cannot learn the simple language of pig's ear and miller's daughter, these and a hundred other touches are the mark of a comedian who never misses an effect.

HONOURS EVEN

> The Russian object now is quick victory . . . the issue of the war can be decided in the strategic area of southern Poland. The Wehrmacht has been defeated in the Ukraine; it will be defeated in Rumania.—Max Werner, April 9th.

Now the Third Reich is encircled, now doom on the Fortress descends,
Who shall apportion the glory due to the Fighting Friends?
Vile is captious division, odious it is to compare,
We are a band of brothers, and common exertions we share.

Now the last act is approaching; and we know the last act crowns the play;
If the Soviet rolls back the invader, we are keeping inflation at bay;
If Stalin upholds our endeavour in the sphere of strategic designs,
Our task is conducting world-conflict on the soundest financial lines.

Britain and Russia together honour their valiant sons,
London with salvoes of savings, Moscow with salvoes of guns!
Mighty the forces in action, but ours, in the making, more vast—
What though they march forth to the climax when the climax already is past?

Three Powers have shouldered the burdens and all in achievement assist,
We have provided the armour for the Soviet to mail the fist,
We stand on the threshold of action, prepared for unlimited loss,
While Red Army divisions sweep forward with only one river to cross.

In the West we shall force a decision, we are ready, whatever the price,
Though the Wehrmacht, destroyed on the East Front, may not need a hammering twice!
Who singles one Ally for honour, the others of honour would rob—
America lent us the tools, Sir, and Russia will finish the job.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

BASIC ENGLISH

SIR,—Basic English is partly a translating medium and partly a defining medium. When a Chinese knowing only a few words of English is faced with the word "Occupation" on a Government form, the clerk will translate this for him into Basic: "What work do you do?" The sentence in the Atlantic Charter, "Their countries seek no aggrandisement, territorial or other," is an example of Government English that is improved when put into Basic. Why add up the words? If it takes half a dozen words to translate a word like aggrandisement, that does not matter so long as the task of simplifying, defining and translating has been done.

Mr. Brailsford says that a foreigner knowing only Basic could not read a book or a newspaper in English. But he could not do this knowing only his own language. Basic takes him a good step on his way, and if he has the General Basic Dictionary he will find there 20,000 words defined for him by the Basic words he knows. Moreover, the great value of Basic is that

once it is mastered, syntax and construction will have no difficulties for the learner because Basic is the bare bones of English, and shows the foreigner the simple shape of the language and what he may expect when he advances beyond Basic. It certainly does not take the place of English but is an introduction to English, English simplified, its complications defined and translated so that social and commercial intercourse may take place between the nations with as little misunderstanding and hindrance as possible.

As for such tags as Three Blind Mice and I Love You—the first is not necessary to users of Basic, and Basic is not necessary to users of the second.

C. M. GREIG

25 Holland Park Avenue, W.11.

SIR,—I agree entirely with Mr. Rynd. I go further, however, in saying that almost all the objections raised against Basic English in the press are not only frivolous and contentious; they reveal complete misunderstanding of the possible uses of this simple language. The critics have not studied their subject before writing about it.

In "The A B C of Basic English" (page 2) Mr. Ogden says: "Basic, however, is not designed for making verses." Yet on different occasions the Editor of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, and Mr. Brailsford, have implied that Basic will have to be used for this purpose. And they have made Basic seem ridiculous by pointing out the impossibility of translating "Three Blind Mice." Mr. Brailsford's love-making example is even worse.

In the public interest this sort of attack should not be made. It is very harmful because, at present, most English people have little knowledge of the special purposes and values of Basic English. They imagine, with Mr. Brailsford, that they will be forced to make a choice between the normal and Basic forms of their language.

Being a scientific form of language Basic cannot compete with the English which gives us the values of the arts. The subtle emotional aspects of plays and novels, for example, and the *bravura* of Mr. Churchill's "purple passages" cannot be put into Basic.

Within its natural limits Basic has immense value, chiefly for international purposes in bringing together men with different languages and interests. It provides the easiest possible means of contact. In this very simple language we can say everything necessary for everyday purposes: everything that business men have to say to each other, and everything necessary in the wide field of interests covered by science.

English, as Mr. Brailsford said, should be the international language because it is now so widely used. (In some form it is spoken by 500,000,000 people.) But the chaotic spelling of normal English is an obstacle to its use as an international language which must be simple. And Mr. Rynd has pointed out one of the many reasons why normal English often obscures the sense in argument, dissertation and analysis. In the simple statements of Basic there is no such obscurity. Here, then, are good reasons why normal English is not suitable, and why Basic English should be chosen. Both forms of English have special work to do. There is no reason why they should not do this work happily side by side.

F. R. O'NEILL

SIR,—Leaving aside Mr. Brailsford's fanciful fears that "Basic" might supersede normal English, his article in your current issue is a statement of the case for, not against, "Basic," as any "Basicist" worth his salt ought to be able to demonstrate.

The English language is strong enough to resist the influence of "Basic" or any other similar academic curiosity. We need have no fears on that score. The danger of "Basic" lies almost entirely in the acceptance, even by opponents, of the claim that "Basic" is easier for the foreigner to learn than normal English. It is this belief that has made the "Basic" movement into the linguistic South Sea Bubble that it is to-day.

Yet the claim is wholly untrue. Indeed, by the method expressly advocated by the movement, that is, the grammar method, it is far more difficult for a foreigner to learn "Basic" than normal English. Improbable as this may sound at a first glance, it is nevertheless the plain truth which any intelligent person can verify for himself.

When a foreigner, say, a Czech, tries to speak normal English he has a comparatively easy task, the processes involved being as follows: 1. The learner formulates a sentence in normal Czech. 2. He translates each word into its English equivalent. 3. He strings the English words together with the aid of relevant grammatical rules. 4. He speaks. The result is not idiomatic English, but the English listener will generally manage to understand the drift of it.

In the case of the "Basic" learner, process No. 2 becomes practically impossible. The learner naturally attempts to translate the normal Czech words into "Basic" English, but he must fail because "Basic" does not contain all the words he requires. So he must first of all translate the normal Czech into "Basic" Czech. But there is no such thing as "Basic" Czech (or Hungarian, Russian, etc.) because English is the only language that allows of such maltreatment. Thus the learner is obliged to invent a sort of near-"Basic" Czech on the spur of the moment, translating the normal Czech words into simple definitions, and it is the definitions that he must translate into "Basic" English. Not only is this extremely difficult, but the result, even at best, is bound to be the worst kind of pidgin English that none but another Czech "Basicist" will understand.

Thus the danger is this, that Czechs, etc., will try to learn "Basic" English in preference to normal English on the strength of the British Government's assurance that it is easier to learn than normal English, and that in due course they will realise that they have been misled into learning a queer language that they can use only among themselves, whereas their own native tongue is quite adequate for that purpose. Naturally, they will not turn to normal English, which is in fact quite easy to learn, because they will say to themselves that if an "easy" form of English is impossible to learn, normal English must be even worse.

But, argues the "Basicist," it is not necessary to stick to the grammar method. "Basic" may be taught by any other method, just like normal English. The answer is that by any rational method it is at least as easy to learn normal English as "Basic," so why "Basic"?

Ogden and his followers have been misled by a fallacy well known as such to the practical linguist. The fallacy is this: Give the learner a small vocabulary and teach him to speak in circumlocutory definitions. It is a matter of plain horse sense that this procedure cannot succeed, because the difficulty it imposes on the learner is fifty times greater than the difficulty it climinates. But horse sense is not the strong suit of the academic theorist, while the majority of non-academic Britons are linguistically uneducated, so, for the present at any rate, Ogden's Bubble still has influential support, including—by implication—that of Mr. Brailsford.

Incidentally, arrangements are being made—though at the moment I am not entitled to say by whom—to prove, under "test" conditions, the above assertion that by any rational method foreign speakers will learn normal English at least as easily as "Basic."

LAWRENCE WOLFE

25 Glendale Gardens, Wembley.

PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

SIR,—O'Connor in effect invites me to pulverise Joad with a broadside of facts about ex-pupils. With a long waiting list I can do so without being accused of advertising gratis. Recently, in a class of 16-year-olds, six out of seven passed Matric and School Cert. (one Matric 1st Division) . . . all free from age of five to play all day and attend no lessons. Possibly 99 per cent. in Services and some killed flying. Most get promotion. Don't know of ex-pupils who can't

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MACMILLAN

hold down a job. In short, free youth behaves like unfree youth about jobs, wars, exams.; where it beats unfree youth is in sincerity, grown-upness, independence . . . qualities that can't be measured by any known yardstick. A generation or so of free youth would put in their proper places—the pigeon holes for back numbers—the old wives of both sexes who control youth by exams. and school subjects. If Joad could hear free youth's opinion on the Brains Trust and its answers to all the questions in life that don't matter a damn . . . but then I know that Joad would emit his familiar cackle and agree with them.

A. S. NEILL

Summerhill School.

AN ACT OF CORPORATE WORSHIP

SIR,—If it were proposed to give all children in school daily doses of Conservative Party propaganda and instruction in the principles of Conservatism, on the justification that a majority of Conservative votes at the last general election implies that the majority of parents wish their children to become Conservatives, it would rightly be regarded by most people as a flagrant violation of the real purposes of education. It would also be regarded by the minority who voted otherwise as an act of intellectual tyranny, an intolerable imposition, and several other things not printable. Why, then, should it be otherwise with religion? Why should the majority assume the right to force upon children their own belief in a supernatural deity? Dr. Micklem speaks of an "awareness of that supertemporal realm of ultimate reality," but nobody of his way of thinking has proved that there is anything to be aware of in that direction. We have the right of withdrawal, it is true, but many parents hesitate to withdraw their children, fearing to make them feel uncomfortable, whilst many more are not even aware of this provision.

HELEN J. MOORE

291 Wragby Road,
Lincoln.

CHINA AND THE MACHINE AGE

SIR,—The letters of Messrs. Hsiao Ch'ien and Young Chen-Tze are heartening to those of us who have looked in vain for some intervention which might check the drift of what we continue to call civilisation, towards destruction. It is profoundly important, therefore, that Chinese thinkers who are studying Western civilisation should be under no delusion regarding the nature of British industrialism.

Both letters emphasise the wide differences in values which distinguish Chinese life from that of the West. It is because of the importance of these differences that the decisions China cannot now avoid making in regard to the place of machinery and militarism in her national existence, are so vital, not only for her own future but for that of the world at large.

The tendency of uncontrolled scientific development has been to obliterate traditional and national differences, and to sweep larger and ever larger areas of the earth into the maelstrom of industrialism, with its blatant materialism and its mania for cheap quantitative production, and finally into war. Accordingly there is some danger of the whole world rushing towards the precipice. Before science wiped out distance, a civilisation could decay and pass out without dragging the rest of the world with it, whereas to-day, as the result of close financial and economic ties, the disease germs of a decaying civilisation pass with amazing rapidity from country to country.

I am glad that Mr. Hsaio no longer insists that Britain possesses an industrial control switch, and Mr. Young deludes himself in believing that she has. Britain may be slower to move in the direction of extreme forms of mechanisation than, say, the United States, but what industrial techniques has the United States adopted which Britain has declined to adopt? Or what device of mechanistic warfare has any nation in the world produced which Britain has declined to use or to try to make more deadly? Since I wrote my previous letter, Sir Stafford Cripps has stated that in aircraft production the number of skilled workers has been reduced by 40 per cent. and that of unskilled increased by 500 per cent., and also that women now form about 40 per cent. of the total personnel in the industry.

It so happens that the mass production of commodities is attended by the mechanisation of man, and followed by the mass destruction of both material and cultural wealth, and men. Equally significant is the fact that the demands of mechanistic warfare increase the world's production potential so enormously that new fears of disruptive competition seize business men and politicians alike, and lead to policies which give rise to new conflicts and still more devastating world wars.

I am cheered to note that Mr. Hsaio is fully alive to these possibilities, and I wish every British citizen could be made aware of the timely warning with which he concludes his letter.

WILFRED WELLOCK

12 Victoria Avenue,
Quinton,
Birmingham, 32.

HUMAN REHABILITATION

SIR,—Readers may be interested in a recent experience of mine which throws light on one of the problems of rehabilitation. A man came to see me whose face was terribly mutilated, and my involuntary look of concern promptly drew from him his story. In 1917, an explosive bullet had shattered his cheek-bones, his nose and his right eye. After thirty-six operations, he has a new nose and cheek-bones made from his own ribs; the sight of his left eye has been saved, but constant watering arising from damage to the lachrymal gland gives him no little discomfort.

Once I had recovered from the effects of his grim account, the fact which stood out was that although he had been given all that modern surgery could offer, his elementary psychological needs had been entirely neglected. His real tragedy lay not in his disfigurement or his past physical suffering, but in his present mental condition. In the space of a few minutes, he referred over and over again to the monotony of his work; there are long spells when he is unoccupied and therefore a prey to depression. He seems to be happy only in the summer evenings when he can work on his plot.

It is significant that he came to see me about a trifling complaint, of which he would probably have been unconscious but for his morbid state of mind. The treatment he needed would be provided by any employment which made a balanced demand upon his mental and physical faculties. Apart from failing to do this, his present job is positively detrimental to his well-being in that he knows that it is regarded as the kind of work which is fit for the unskilled dregs of the labour market.

On the physical side, rehabilitation is indeed saving lives; where the surgeons leave off, the P.T. specialist takes up the task of rebuilding and co-ordinating the maimed body. But it is an injustice to the patient, to the surgeon and to society itself if a man is to be plucked from the jaws of death only to lead a life of frustration and humiliation. The happiness of many thousands of young men will depend upon radical progress in the field of Social Medicine.

DAVID ROGERSON

AYES AND NOES

SIR,—"Churchill Demands Deletion of Clause." Where have I seen something like that before? Why, yes, of course! In "This England," quoted from the *Sunday Pictorial*.

"When a vote was taken at a meeting of London spinsters yesterday, on a resolution demanding pensions at 55, a few hands were raised against it. The chairwoman rose and said she would take the vote again, and this time no one must vote against it. The resolution was unanimous."

Not quite unanimous this time, but still a creditable effort.

T. A. CAIRNS

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

We go into the junk shop of literature and stand in that back-room where the Utopias, the possible worlds and worlds of the future, lie discarded and unfulfilled. One has the sensation of looking at inventions that have not come off, of picking out the mind's old iron, a vain collection of square wheels, lame dynamos, crack-brained engines and jammed slot-machines. For these satires and allegories are the most mechanical kind of literature, the most notional and the soonest superseded. The great museum pieces like Plato's *Republic*, More's *Utopia*, Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* and the *Lettres Persanes* indeed rise above this bric-à-brac of brave new worlds; naive and humane, they stand apart from the scrapheap. They can be made to work. And perhaps things of Wells like *The Time Machine* or *The Island of Dr. Moreau* may, also, be made to sustain a meaning. But Bellamy, Trollope, Bulwer Lytton—what predestined old iron their invention is. And the wheels of *Brave New World*, the latest of them, already begin to creak and squeal since the war. We sigh for, rather than regret, the acetate and the zip. The arts of pleasure are a lost virtue, not an outmoded vice.

Brave New World took me back to its curious predecessor of the 70's, Bulwer Lytton's *The Coming Race*. Sets of Bulwer Lytton pile up by the dozen in the second-hand book shops; they are never sold. He is, I fancy, the totally unread Victorian. But *The Coming Race* is worth reading. Lytton was one of those prolific, naturally spurious and voraciously confident novelists who believed in trying everything. Ideas streamed out of that restless and immensely competent mind like chords from a Wurlitzer organ, with the exuberance of the second-rate. He was a human Hollywood. He had all Hollywood's efficiency and all Hollywood's sensitiveness about his productions. His last three books—*The Coming Race* was among them, and it is well written—were an attempt to show that he could rise above the *faux bon*. Alas for belated efforts towards salvation. The proprietors of a new meat essence, seeking an heroic name for their product, were captivated by the magic substance called Vril which was the basis of life in Bulwer Lytton's brave new world. The coming race were fed by Bovril.

The Vril-ya or Coming Race of Bulwer Lytton were an underground people like the slave population in *The Time Machine*. An American mining engineer lowered himself into this unsuspected society and found himself in a civilisation which had carried the wonders and blessings of science beyond anything experienced in the '70's. The dream of dwelling in marble halls, which is commemorated by a song of the period, was realised. Lytton, who had grown up with Faraday and had seen the introduction of artificial street lighting—a revolution not so difficult for us to imagine now—was especially taken by the idea of light when he invented the luminous underground city states. Vegetation and man luxuriated in one of those static, artificial and hothouse environments which scientists long for and love to imagine. Lytton was guessing at the electric world of the future, which was also to appear in the short-term socialist paradise of gadgets which Bellamy described. The people of the future were to dread the dark. Perpetual music issued mysteriously on the air in Lytton's city, and Vril, the magic energy which gave these people their phenomenal power, was an electric essence of some kind. In "its manifold branches" Vril included magnetism—the famous, melodramatic animal magnetism which agitated the fancies of the 19th century—and galvanism. Vril was rather like a liquid version of the Philosopher's Stone, a Super Vitamin. It could flow into the mind; it could permeate the bodies of animals, men and plants. It could alter the weather and could so quicken the brain by trance or vision, that the thoughts of one brain could be observed by another or could be transmitted automatically, teleprinter fashion, in the interests of a more rapid interchange of knowledge. And of course—though this was never mentioned—for the purpose of having power over other brains. Power has always been the quest of the scientific Utopias—power and no questions asked. A dose of Vril and a young woman could—and did in this story—seal up a mountain abyss in a night. A mild dose of Vril—and you could learn a foreign language in a flash. You simply read and learned the words you detected in the foreigner's brain while he lay in hypnotic sleep.

The amusing things in these discarded Utopias are the fragments of contemporary life which have been unconsciously left lying about the narrative. The coming race could fly—but they flew on the feathery wings of Victorian angels. The women, moreover, discarded their wings when they married and hung them over the marriage bed. The women come in for firm handling. They are larger than the men and they have all the rights of courtship. Lytton supposed that the result of female emancipation would be that women would do the proposing, and so the male blushes and runs coyly from the devouring female. But once they have caught their prey, these ladies, who were "devoid of the softness and timidity of our women," became obedient and docile. "She for God in him." It will be noted by the reader that they were still jealous and still terrific snobs. Lytton, who had suffered in his marriage and had Don Juan's hatred of the sex, enjoyed himself here. For the rest his picture is luxurious, dazzling, theatrical, a Waring and Gillow's day-dream. He invents a robot for the menial tasks and children have the task of policing and protecting this state, for Vril makes them indomitable.

But presently doubts enter the narrator's mind. Here is scientific perfection. Here is a world of light, in both senses. In appearance the people have the nobility of demi-gods. The state has the ease of family life. Divorce is possible, but the married have lapsed into fidelity; heresy is possible, but the heretics mildly found another city. Authority has barely to be exerted in a world so precise and so dull. Population has been limited—a favourite idea among scientists from the '70's onwards—though not by contraception. Emigration is the solution. There is the irresistible droning peace of the perfectly run power station. And that is the trouble—the dullness, the atrophy of the spirit and the imagination, the decay of the arts, the death of individual life. Lytton did not mention the fear of birth; but youth is prolonged and the fear of death is non-existent. For a mild and nullifying belief in the ubiquitous All-Good has lulled these people with the notion that they might just as well live on the next plane of consciousness as on this one.

One recognises in this book so many of the ideas projected from the life of mid-Victorian prosperity. What is interesting is the engineer's horrified flight from it. True the immediate cause of that flight is Lytton's private bugbear—a threat of marriage; but still, the flight is a flight from scientific perfectionism, from the planned and sterile state. What is even more interesting is the startling resemblance to Huxley's *Brave New World*. Vril becomes soma; the genteel flying romps of the Vril-ya may be compared with the joy-riding helicopters and the outbreaks of Orgy-porgy. In *Brave New World* it is the women who pursue. Knowledge of the past is forbidden as it was to the Vril-ya; the luxury state, in its trance of peace and comfort, conditions one against the knowledge of pain or the fear of death. Both books describe states that are tyrannical because they are static and sustained by most ingeniously applied intellectual power, states which have defeated the spiritual and imaginative life of man. The All-Good of Bulwer Lytton is fundamentally indistinguishable from Huxley's Ford. Both books owe something to American ideas and, unlike Plato or More, these two Utopias find paradise and perfection intolerable. They are, of course, the materialist's heaven on earth.

Lytton was an admirable writer in one respect; he paid expert attention to the shaping of his story. The penultimate scene, for example, in which a child is directed to lure the engineer away and assassinate him, is excellent; the dilemma of the love story—closely paralleled by *Brave New World*—is dramatic and amusing. But, for the rest, time has dated *The Coming Race*. The setting is over-furnished; the political economy a bore; the philology a tedious anticipation of Basic English. Inventors of civilisation enjoy themselves too much at the game and we tire. But the dating of *Brave New World* is recent. Paradoxically it is the war that has accentuated the deep inhumanity of that book and has made it seem flashy and tinny. Intended to horrify, it never horrified as Swift could horrify, or, say, the Wells of *The Time Machine* or *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, because Huxley was playing with horror, because he lacked gravity, because he was not, in the final count, humane. The ability to convey courage, fear and wonder which Wells showed in those two fantasies of his, the willingness to be overwhelmed by imagination and by feeling, are lacking from *Brave New World*. It remains feline, speculative. The author's basis does not seem to be either an imaginative or moral one, but something second-hand and read-up, a memory for excellent quotations. It is a brilliant book but we rebel against it. We rebel against the argument—for example, surely the Savage is also a conditioned man? We rebel finally against the aestheticism and non-attachment of the writer. We reject in Huxley's antithesis: society and happiness versus syphilis, art and God.

We do not rebel in the same way against Swift. Yet his picture of the human race has moments of an irony more wicked and of a horror far more appalling. We accept the madness of Swift, where we cannot accept the squeamishness and flagellations of Huxley. We accept, of course, Swift's gravity. For when Swift said that he detested the human herd, he made it clear that he loved Tom, Joe and Harry. Swift had a violent dose of that madness which lay beneath the sane, practical worldliness of the 18th century, but he never lost the century's great sense of order and proportion; nor did he lose its humanity, its profound deference to human nature. "The proper study of mankind is man," "We must cultivate our garden"—the 18th century was not shocked into other-worldliness by the behaviour of man. What is lacking in *Brave New World* is the notion of ordinary moral character, of plain goodness, which the simple, serious, indeed humourless figure of Gulliver brought to Swift's explorations. By the time Wells is writing the figure of the traveller or narrator has dimmed and has become a mere streak of professional rectitude; with Huxley, the idea of a human being who belongs anywhere vanishes altogether. A brain, a mere memory, the match that lights the brilliant sky rocket is all that is left. No doubt he makes us secretly sigh for the zipper and the Malthusian belt, as the ladies of the 18th century sighed with pleasure at the thought of what wicked Yahoos they really were—but where Huxley peeps through the keyhole of non-attachment, Swift flings the door wide open. One does not say that what Huxley's satire has seen is impossible; one says that what is not felt is trivial.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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MUNICH AND THE U.S.S.R.

The Truth about the Munich Crisis. By VISCOUNT MAUGHAM. *Heinemann.* 5s.

Maisky. By GEORGE BILAINKIN. *Allen & Unwin.* 15s.

Lord Maugham's defence of Munich and of the Government in which he was Lord Chancellor (during 1938–9) is based on a very lucid statement of a very few of the facts. The Czechs, he explains, were a hotch-potch of a nation which had failed to gain the loyalty of their large and numerous minorities. Britain had no obligation to the Czechs; we were only involved if France wanted to stand by the Czechs. France, divided, weak and corrupt, found when the test came that she would not, or could not, honour her treaty. The French had let their arms go, and so had we. All Czechoslovakia's neighbours were prepared to play the jackal when Germany attacked. And in 1938 it was still reasonable to try to prevent war by taking Hitler at his word, since he had not yet shown his unprecedented capacity for mendacity!

About Russia Lord Maugham has almost nothing to say except that the U.S.S.R. had no common frontier with Czechoslovakia and would have had to go through Rumanian territory to give more than aerial support; that the purges of Soviet generals made the Western Powers believe her weaker than she was, and that the Franco-Soviet Pact of Mutual Assistance of 1935 was in any case a somewhat difficult document to construe, in the light of the Locarno Pact to which it was subject. He then adds, as if this obscure legal point settled the matter: "France had no allies unless Britain should join her."

He completely ignores the facts that throughout the whole period from 1934, when the U.S.S.R. became a Member of the League, up to Britain's refusal of the suggested military conference at Bukarest in 1939, Russia constantly urged a policy of collective security, and that the large part of the population of this country which favoured it was thwarted by the National Government. If Lord Maugham does not enjoy looking up official documents, which should not have been inaccessible to him, he may find the Soviet collectivist case put with interesting documentation in Mr. Bilainkin's book on Maisky. It is not a comprehensive or even an objective book; nor is it a biography of Maisky. It is an account of British–Russian relations during the thirteen years in which Maisky was ambassador to this country.

Lord Maugham should ponder Maisky's comments on the Economic Conference of 1933, when it became clear to him, as well as to many others, that we were heading for a first-class economic crisis and subsequent world war. Then he should read the story of the persistent, sometimes hysterical, boycotting and abuse of the U.S.S.R. by a section of opinion, often led by members of the British Government. Then he can consider the evidence of Russia's offers of aid and collaboration during the Munich crisis. How did he come to write a book on Munich without mentioning Litvinov's specific pledge of aid to the Czechs (quoted by Mr. Bilainkin, page 210); the various suggestions for staff talks made by Russia (p. 221)? Has he considered the very significant story (p. 211) of the failure of M. Bonnet to pass on to the British Litvinov's definite assurance of Russian support? The fact is that French and British policy up to and at Munich was to give Hitler a free hand in the East in the belief that in that way the natural expansion of German imperialism could be satisfied, and that there was then a good chance of avoiding world war and making a trade and even a diplomatic alliance with Germany. The selection of documents published by Mr. Bilainkin—they are obtainable from other sources also—show that this policy was maintained right up to the eve of war itself when we sent a military mission to Russia, not to produce a military pact but to satisfy public clamour at home. On August 28th, 1939—less than a month before the invasion of Poland—Sir Nevile Henderson was talking about the possibilities of an Anglo-German alliance with Ribbentrop (p. 279). Finally, why does Lord Maugham say nothing about the fact revealed by Dr. Benes that the Soviet Union offered to fight alone with Czechoslovakia after the Allies had dictated Hitler's terms to the Czechs?

Lord Maugham's training has not qualified him to write about Munich. However it may be in trying a case of murder, it is certainly erroneous to examine a diplomatic and political situation without considering evidence of motive and of antecedents. The case against Munich is not indictment of Chamberlain's conduct when he was actually confronted with the final dilemma. The case is that Munich is what years of Conservative policy was bound to achieve. The policy of stamping on Germany when she was weak and then permitting Hitler's rearmament, while destroying collective security and relying on Hitler's promises to attack "Bolshevism" and not the West—all this was a business-man's, anti-Soviet, pro-Fascist policy. It was not a chance or accidental affair in which the Left were involved as much as the Right, but a clearly conceived policy sustained throughout the Spanish war and reaching its climax in the F.B.I. treaty with German industry at Dusseldorf on the day of Hitler's march to Prague. If the public opinion which had throughout protested against the anti-collective security, anti-League, pro-Hitler and pro-Franco policy had not been joined by the awakened forces of British nationalism when Hitler marched to Prague, the policy of Munich would have been continued while Hitler conquered other countries.

It is difficult to be sure where this logic would have led us. We should not have guaranteed Poland, and we should have signed a trade alliance with Germany to oust the United States from the markets of South America. Whether Hitler would have attacked Russia before he used his fifth columnists in France we do not know. We should in any case have been confronted with a war against Germany in which we had neither America nor Russia as an ally. Unless, of course, we had decided (as we well might have done) to play out the policy of Laval-Hoare, non-intervention-Munich-Dusseldorf to the bitter end and let Hitler be master of England as well as of Eastern Europe and the rest. One or other of these alternatives was involved in Munich.

This little pamphlet is worth exposure because it is the kind of case that will be written up for ignoramuses or for people who have political reasons for wishing to defend Chamberlainism. Lord Maugham writes in good faith to defend the memory of Mr. Chamberlain, who was an honest man who believed in a disastrous policy. But an ex-Lord Chancellor should get up his brief before presenting it.

TOM PAINE

THE LOST AND THE DAMNED

The Turning Point. By KLAUS MANN. *Gollancz.* 12s. 6d.

Between the lines of this autobiography one can glimpse the whole story of the European disgrace, the ineffectiveness of the older generation, the recklessness of the young, the wilful blindness of the whole. With what horror one follows the descending curve from weariness to idiocy, from idiocy to disaster, from disaster to plain wickedness. It is a pity that Klaus Mann, who is a son of the novelist Thomas Mann, chose to write his account of it in a language he does not command; for dimly through the verbiage one can discern sensibility and understanding—in German the passages on childhood, for example, might have been acute. In German-English they are acutely bad, as are all the other dithyrambic set-pieces, while the dialogue which he keeps introducing merely serves to remind us how brilliantly Christopher Isherwood in his novels hit off the German attempts at our idiom. One must read this book, if at all, between the lines, because reading along them is like driving a snow-plough through drifts of epithets and heavy falls of piled-up sentences.

For those who did not experience these years the account is just worth while, until someone arrives to do it better. Klaus Mann was peculiarly well placed to describe the era. He was brought up in the security of an affectionate and cultivated family. He had behind him the prestige of one of the greatest living novelists, so that his own career as a writer was smoothed from the outset. He had in himself, one may guess, an experimenting temperament, boundless self-confidence and personal charm. It was not a bad equipment for the goal he set himself—"to be a young European Intellectual—it was an attitude, an ambition; it almost became a programme." The three operative words of this ambition deserve a second glance. "Young"; that was an acceptance of the contemporary German myth. Youth needed no justification; it was a self-evident claim to applause, rewards, indulgence or actual worship, and the price it exacted from those who made it (and this is one strand in the explanation of Fascism) was a failure of the wish to grow up. "European" was adopted as a protest against German Nationalism, an honourable attempt at co-operation, and the price paid for it was vilification from the Old Guard and, in the end, exile. "Intellectual"—a not ignoble boast of belonging to a brotherhood in whose hands lay the maintenance *and the extension* of the tradition of civilisation and its price, in our time, was isolation from the common currents of life.

That isolation was the pity. But it was not the fault of the young alone. The Old Guard, the respectable, the "good," encouraged the worst element in the ambition, the claim of youth—surrendered to it entirely and without qualification, indeed, in surrendering to Hitler. What was good in the ambition they rejected, offering nothing in its place but second-hand codes, reach-me-down morals and *rechauffé* doctrine. It is the business of the young to experiment and they are entitled to expect their predecessors to have pushed on as far as possible. When, instead of pushing on, they have scampered back in retreat, the young are left in a vacuum of revolt with nothing tough enough to withstand their reaction.

This explains, perhaps, the cult of the Damned and the Mad which was the prevailing literary fashion—and the legends of such writers even more, perhaps, than their works. It is understandable. Better be actively damned than negatively lost. Better be damned with Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Cocteau, than lost in the safety of Lord Halifax, Earl Baldwin, Cosmo Lang. Better any day damnation than the perdition of ineffective goodness. Certainly. But wasn't there—the Old Guard plaintively might ask—a third possibility? Was there no tradition which could command respect? Well, in literature in England there were, say, Bernard Shaw and H. G. Wells. They certainly had pushed on as far as possible. But unfortunately the Old Guard had fallen back long before that. And in politics there was Winston Churchill whom the Tories (though both he and they seem now to have forgotten it) consistently kept out of power. So these, the Grand Old Men of the period, were as isolated as the young themselves. When a period ceases to honour its own great men, it can hardly blame its children for running wild.

T. C. WORSLEY

A PROBLEM OF TOWN PLANNING

The Journey to Work. By K. LIEPMANN. *Kegan Paul.* 15s.

This study of the economic functions and social effects of the daily journey to work is a timely as well as a scholarly and well-documented piece of research into an important aspect of physical planning, hitherto neglected. It is not exhaustive, but suggests a dozen fields for further inquiry, many of which should be put in hand immediately, before we are committed to any large-scale

policy of decentralisation either of industry or of population. For, as Dr. Liepmann points out, the advantages to the industrial life of the country of our immensely improved transport services needed at first to be assessed too optimistically: of recent years opinion has swung to the other extreme, the burden overshadowing the benefits to a degree shown probably at its darkest in the evidence given before the Royal Commission on the Distribution of the Industrial Population. A cooler assessment should now be made. For the benefits are very real, both to industry and to workers. A good transport service eases economic changes, decreases dependence on one firm or one industry in any area, reduces the danger of unemployment and helps to maintain family life among members working in widely dispersed industries. Given good travel facilities blind-alley jobs can be avoided and workers can be helped to find the right kind of job, to retain a suitable job, to combine two intermittent jobs and change over from a declining to a flourishing industry without breaking up the home.

The price to be paid, however, is heavy, and is borne practically entirely by the worker, whether it is counted in terms of money, of wasted time or of strain. Information on each of these aspects is fragmentary and requires further research. As the author remarks—while fares are measurable in terms of shillings and pence and the duration of journeys in hours and minutes, strain is measurable only by a description of the inconveniences endured and by its effects on the health and efficiency of the people affected; this last would, she suggests, be a study which would repay careful medical research on a comprehensive scale; the two former (cost and time) could most easily and most suitably be ascertained through the next Census, as a continuation of the enquiry made in the 1921 Census but omitted from that of 1931.

Meanwhile, we know that Juvenile Advisory Committees have been seriously concerned at the crippling burden of fares on the wages of women and young people; we know that few employed persons on new housing estates in industrial towns live within walking distance of their work unless they live in blocks of flats in the centre of the town; we know that an eight-hour day is often stretched by the journey to work to ten, eleven or even twelve hours away from home. We know, too, that there was little, if any, integration between home and work-place in the immense housing programme undertaken between 1919 and 1939. Thus in London the vast new housing estates were mainly built far to the east, while the new industrial areas were in the west; in Glasgow the new Trading Estate was developed five miles on one side of the city, while the new housing estates were built five miles on the opposite side; the Austin motor works outside Birmingham draw their 20,000 workers from a hundred different localities, one out of every 17 members of the staff travelling over 10 miles to work every day.

Dr. Liepmann very rightly sees the problem as one of town planning, much of the present discord being indeed a symptom that something is wrong with the kind of "zoned" community which has been created in the past twenty-five years. She suggests various ways of mitigating the present hardships endured by those travelling to and from work—mitigations such as the five-day week, staggered working hours, the relaxation of time-keeping rules and the provision of rest-pauses and good canteen meals—combined with the technical improvement of the transport services themselves, an increase in workmen's trains and an extension of the time during which they are available, and the withdrawal of the regulation which forbids persons to share an unlicensed conveyance.

These, however, are palliatives of the mistakes of the past. She recommends a much more realist approach to town planning in the future, a more careful investigation into the social implications of the structure of a town, of the relationship between home and workplace, of leisure and of spare time. These are indeed of fundamental importance, and may well, if studied objectively, herald the approach of a new kind of civic planning well suited to the needs of an industrial nation. There need be no rigidity in the design or structure of any area, provided that there is an intelligent assessment of the particular elements involved in each replanning problem. Four choices are here given: (*a*) To live and work in the same town, (*b*) to live outside and work in the town, (*c*) to live and work outside the parent town (i.e. in a satellite town or in the dormitory suburb of a trading estate), and (*d*) to live in the town and work outside it. Whatever the kind of city which is created, however, a proper integration between home and work is essential to the well-being of a community, and one which must be understood in all its implications before it can be successfully solved. This study by Dr. Liepmann is a valuable contribution to such an understanding.

ELIZABETH DENBY

STUMPING SOUTH AMERICA

South American Journey. By WALDO FRANK. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

The most entertaining travel books come often from men who have a good opinion of themselves. Though vanity infuriates, it can give a diverting twist to scenes and events which a more modest observer might record with care but dully. So it is with Mr. Frank. He is an accomplished writer and propagandist who has produced in the last few years, as well as a great deal of reportage, an extremely able and informative book on Latin America. When, therefore, in 1942, he set out on a lecture tour of the South American States, he was revisiting a continent in which he was known and respected and with which he had close bonds of understanding. He would meet old friends; he would be sought after by those who knew his reputation; he would be writing about familiar and well-loved places. But those who enjoy his bright style and his genuine sympathy for the Latin American people will find it embarrassing to discover that to Mr. Frank, at least, his journey was more the triumphal tour of a liberator than the peregrination of a lecturer. Even Chateaubriand would seem retiring to the reader of Mr. Frank's account of the value of his mission.

All the same, once you penetrate the rhetoric and egocentricity, there is a great deal in this book for both lovers of travel and those who want to know more about the background of recent developments in South America. Mr. Frank travelled zealously in his efforts to rouse Latin America to anti-Fascist enthusiasm. It was a difficult job: he was hemmed in always by petty restrictions, watched by the police while he supped with their masters, and forced to translate his lectures into philosophical terms lest he be deported for anti-neutrality propaganda (the object of his journey). On the eve of his departure from Argentina he was attacked and severely injured by a gang of Fascists; they at least knew how effective his Midlothian stumping was. An exciting account of this is one of the highlights of the book, as for him it must have been his most rousing adventure. In fact, Mr. Frank is a far more able descriptive writer than he is philosopher, to judge from the soliloquies scattered throughout the book. He has a knack of sensing the political atmosphere, and his lucid summaries of the history and present condition of the different States that he visits are amongst the

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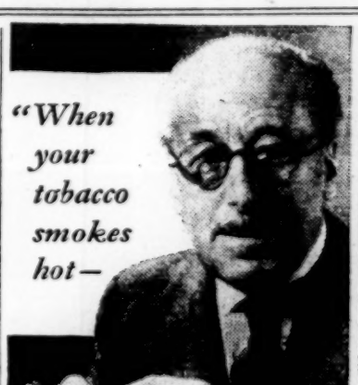

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best that are available to the English reader. He certainly covers the ground. Almost every major event in South American history is dealt with in passing; the Chaco war, the wars of liberation, and the kaleidoscopic changes of government in almost every republic. But there are passages which rise above the general level of the book. Two, which I think are outstanding, are his description of the influence of the *pampa* on Argentine psychology and his analysis of the growth of Brazil, strangest of all the South American States, most isolated from the community of culture which they share and potentially the greatest of them all. After reading this book we shall listen readily to anything else Mr. Frank has to say about South America. He has a penetrating insight into the character of that extraordinary continent. NORMAN MACKENZIE

100,000,000

Film. By ROGER MANVELL. *Pelican Books.* 9*d.*

This book has been cunningly designed to appeal to many readers. The expert, the highbrow, the fashionable, the fan, the stargazer, the mere queuer and the abstainer will find themselves interested. For even if you condemn the film as art, it is still—what is the word?—a "phenomenon," to be taken into account. There is, in fact, a double interest, æsthetic and sociological, so that the worst film as well as the best assumes significance. Marcel Carné, with *Le Jour se lève*, may have added an almost perfect film to the repertory a few of us keep in our heads; but it's in French, it will be seen and enjoyed by only a few thousands, whereas *Tarzan's Desert Mystery* or *Buffalo Bill* belongs to millions—100,000,000 is the sort of audience Hollywood has in mind when it sets out on a big production. That is a staggering responsibility. Dear multitude, it mustn't be shocked, it mustn't be bitten, it mustn't be debauched (though titillation is in order), it mustn't be made to think more than a very little; or what would the world be coming to? So the Hays Office in America brings in a new order about jumper girls, or Lord Tyrrell, president of our own Board of Censors, congratulates us with the warning that "Cinema needs continued repression of controversy in order to stave off disaster." Bans on politics, religion, sex, horror; but no ban, you will notice, on art as such. The surprise, rather, is that the average film (which means the American film) should be as good as it is. A rather deadly efficiency marks the productions of the present day. Never in history before has so much tosh been served up with so much address. Melodrama, for example, music and all, and spectacle are enjoying their heyday. *And* the highbrow gets enough to keep him out of the theatre most weeks in the year.

Mr. Manvell, whose book is as alert and catholic an introduction to films as one could wish, quotes some interesting remarks by an American critic on the subject of film audiences. Hypnosis, he decides, is the only word to describe the atmosphere in which most films are looked at and listened to. Gazing in darkness as at a crystal, bound by a church-like ritual and devotion, the audience is lulled into a stupor or trance of enjoyment. Partly this inertia is due to the supine nature of film stories, but also the spectator has no contact with the screen, and must either marvel or keep away. Easier to take what comes, good or bad, and that is what most people do. They may have a favourite star, a preferred type of picture (gangster or musical), but that is as far as selectiveness goes. Again, one is astounded, not by the contemptible average of films, but by the fact that, despite everything, half a dozen first-rate films are made every year, some of which succeed in being popular. I don't think it true to say that the cinema debases taste; on the contrary, it creates taste where there was none before.

The second half of Mr. Manvell's *Film* discusses the influence of the cinema—exceedingly difficult to gauge—and compares aims and effects in England, France, America, Germany and Russia. In the last two countries the immense value of films as propaganda has been realised, while democracies, even in wartime, shrink not only from propaganda but from any tendency to stir people's minds. A direction is being given to British films by the documentary movement, and Mr. Manvell makes a very useful suggestion when he recommends that to the existing certificate given by the Board of Censors another should be added: the S certificate, granting the rights of exhibition to Societies. He ends with some useful advice on how to form and run a film society.

The first half of the book deals with the film as an art form, and the criticism is splendidly reinforced with 192 photographs. This, together with the index of directors and their films, has given me a great deal of ruminative pleasure. Films one would like to encounter again, films one has forgotten, films that for one reason or another one has missed seeing: here they are to remind and tempt us. Among those I am eager to experience again, *Song of Ceylon* catches the eye with three magnificent faces in sunlight; new to me are Berthold Bartosch's *L'Idée*, Lorentz's *The Plough Broke the Plains*, Grierson's *To-day We Live*, Romm's *The Ghost Never Returns*, Cavalcanti's *Coalface*. Fifteen photographs have been chosen to represent the advance of the soldiery down the steps in *Potemkin*: perhaps the most striking single passage in any film. There is a noticeable falling-off in visual quality since 1928, when movies became talkies. Only Orson Welles (not too well represented here) can match the earlier Russian and German richness of technique.

Mr. Manvell is an enthusiast as well as cool-headed in his criticism—the right combination for film reviewing. On almost every page he communicates the excitement of an art that has grown up in twenty-five years.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

A GREAT MAN

Albert Schweitzer: his Work and his Philosophy. By OSKAR KRAUS. Translated by E. G. McCallman. *Black.* 6*s.*

This is a remarkable book about one of the most remarkable men of our time. It also has had an extraordinary fate. It was written nearly twenty years ago, and its author has since died, while its subject is still alive, and we hope still with many years before him. It is given to few to be first-rate in so many ways—as organist, as doctor of medicine, as theologian and philosopher. Two works of his, *The Quest of the Historical Jesus* and *J. S. Bach*, would by themselves have sufficed to gain him wide and lasting fame; but there are many others almost equally noteworthy. All of them however he counted as nothing when he came face to face with the misery of the tribes of Equatorial Africa, which appealed to him as Lazarus appealed to Christ. "Ethics is pity: all life is suffering": duty demands that we should help one another. Conscience insisted that he should not merely sympathise but *do*. By giving organ-concerts, and by putting aside the profits of his book on Bach, he made enough money to *go*.

On that work he is still engaged. His description of it, *On the Edge of the Primeval Forest*, fell into the hands of Professor Oskar Kraus, who immediately made Schweitzer his study: and among other results was the production of this almost unique book. Disagreeing with practically all Schweitzer's philosophical theories,

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THE 24th ordinary general meeting of the Automatic Telephone & Electric Company Limited will be held on April 20 in Liverpool.

Following is an extract from the statement by the chairman (Sir ALEXANDER ROGER, K.C.I.E.) circulated with the accounts:

Factory output was the highest in our history. Profit on trading, dividends on investments, &c., at £280,952, after providing for taxation and adjustment of provision for contingencies, compares with £261,885. Net profit is £212,312, compared with £191,005. After deduction of income-tax on 1943 profits of £127,478 and dividends already paid of £17,324, your directors recommend: Transfer of £20,000 to war contingencies reserve; final dividend of 7 per cent. on the Ordinary stock (making 10 per cent. for the year), plus a cash bonus of 2½ per cent., both subject to tax; dividend of 10 per cent. on the Deferred stock and shares plus a cash bonus of 2½ per cent., both subject to tax. The carry forward, £130,348, compares with £138,669 brought in.

In these days, when private enterprise is under fire, the experience of this company might be of value. In 1911 we purchased for a large sum from America the manufacturing rights, patents and technique of a pioneer system of automatic telephony known as the "Strowger." We modernised our old factories and built new ones. We improved the amenities for our employees. We spent large sums annually on research development, education, the accumulation of technique, improved processes, exploitation and its attendant risks, better machinery and steadily reduced the cost of our products and our selling prices. I am convinced that our progress, designed to secure prosperity and stable employment could not have been achieved under public ownership.

d not hesitating to express his disagreements orously, Kraus yet shows an almost unstinted miration for him. Something similar may said about Kraus himself. For the Master Balliol, who wrote the preface to this edition, lls us that while he thinks the Krausian philo-phising odd and even "rather in the way," yet loves the man's single-heartedness and mplicity; and this character shines out in the ook. Thus all who read it will gain an inspiration om the characters and doings of two men, rterly different, yet both saintly and highly ellectual. E. E. KELLETT

e Continent Redeemed. By GUY RAMSEY. *Harrap.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The North African campaign will go down as one f the most spectacular naval operations in history. s apparently easy success has perhaps tended to bscure its true magnitude. True, the way had been repared by the brilliant Fifth Column work of obert Murphy and his colleagues, but when three rces of Allied troops struck simultaneously at asablanca, at Oran and at Algiers, the issue was still the balance. It is this feeling of suspense which, ove all, Mr. Guy Ramsey so successfully conveys in *e Continent Redeemed*. He saw the campaign at ese quarters as a special correspondent of the *News hronicle*, and his book is a record of his experiences North Africa. Mr. Ramsey has much to tell of his rnalistic scoops and trials. But that is not all. He s the knack of drawing vivid pen portraits. His pacity for disentangling political complexities is also al and his explanation of the underlying causes of e tortuous Giraud—De Gaulle politics appears to be rrect.

Week-end Competitions

No. 741

et by Thomas Smallbones

Competitors are invited to celebrate the arrival of pring in 16 lines of verse or 200 words of prose in e manner of any one of the following:—Ruskin, ipling, Marvell, Walt Whitman, Lord Chesterfield, . H. Lawrence, Hemingway, Karl Marx. Entries reach the Editor by Monday, April 24th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 738

et by John Lilburne

Since, unfortunately, for centuries there was no NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, historians are deprived of a valuable source of contemporary comment upon such events as Raleigh's introduction of tobacco into England, the execution of Charles the First, the publication of *Paradise Lost*, the trial of Warren Hastings, and Disraeli's maiden speech. Competitors are invited to submit an editorial comment, a review or a paragraph from Critic's *Diary* concerning one of these (or similar) events. Entries need not be confined to English history or literature but competitors should write in a modern idiom. Limit 200 words.

Report by John Lilburne

Competitors seem to have found this a difficult contest. Very few of them ventured to base their entries on events besides those quoted as examples; fewer still resisted the fascination of paragraphs from *A London Diary* for the more sober styles of the review or the editorial comment. Those who did, either resorted to incredible anachronisms or to ponderous historical dissertations which could not have been written within fifty years of the particular event. Another weakness was that most people found the art of imitating "Critic" an elusive achievement. There were good phrases. David Freeman almost won a prize with his closing question in a paragraph on the execution of Charles the First: "And why was the headsman masked?" There were many acquaintances of undoubted veracity, friends on the inside of almost every historical racket, saving judgments on disasters, caustic verdicts on the powers that be. But even the prizewinners were hard put to sustain the essential combination of matter and style to the end. A prize of three guineas divided between E. W. Fordham, G. de V. and K. East.

A LONDON DIARY: 1811

The expulsion of two undergraduates, T. Hogg and P. Shelley, from Oxford University, on the grounds of insubordination and "refusal to answer certain questions," seems to me very ill-judged and against the whole spirit of the present time. Actually Shelley wrote and paid for the publication of a pamphlet entitled "The Necessity of Atheism." I have not been able to get hold of a copy yet, but I understand that it is a typical *résumé* of Locke and Hume, and states that belief rests on the conviction of the reason, senses and testimony, none of which proofs the young philosopher finds in the Deity. Whatever may be our private theological theories, surely the ground here is one covered by any group of young University men gathered together. A Machiavellian observer might say that here is the way to make rebels. I wonder if the authorities realise that, left to themselves, these youths, both belonging to well known Tory families, would burn out soon enough their nineteen-year-old enthusiasms for liberty of thought and fall into the squiredom of their fathers? I understand that the National Council for Civil Liberties is taking up the case. G. de V.

1745

The rumour that Charles and his wild following have reached Derby is, I hear, well founded. The question that disturbs us all is—will he march on London? Its corollary—what will happen if he does?—is still more disturbing. For my part I think he will make the attempt. That the Prince, a *poseur* but not a poltroon, whose love of the theatrical has been gratified at Holyrood, who knows the measureless ineptitude of Newcastle, who has triumphed at Prestonpans, and evaded Cope in the Midlands, should turn tail when within six days' march of London is hardly conceivable. That the attempt will succeed I do not believe. Although the wealthy have, characteristically, made a rush on the Bank, and the King is heroically loading his most treasured possessions upon yachts lying at the Tower stairs, what indication is there of a popular rising? The workers are unmoved, and that is the test. They may not love King George, but they have no appetite for King Charles III.

* * *

Yesterday Parker said to me, "Nobody wants that there boy here, and the sooner he knows it the better." I anticipate that he will know it before Finchley is reached. E. W. FORDHAM

A friend who has been closely connected with the oracle at Delphi since its earliest days gives the following interesting account of the recent exchanges between King Xerxes and the God. As has been repeatedly pointed out in this journal, official circles on Olympus have displayed consistent sympathy towards Xerxes, seeing in him a convenient bulwark against the advance of scepticism in the Eastern Mediterranean. Xerxes was therefore counting on at least benevolent neutrality from the heavenly powers and by his diplomatic overtures at Delphi hoped to reach some definite arrangement for the impending campaign. His failure and the consequent collapse of Persian imperialism, must be ascribed to the successful machinations of powerful Business interests in the Aegean, who were desirous above all things to escape the officialdom and the rigid legal system of the Medes and Persians. For some time, my informant states, these interests have successfully ingratiated themselves at Delphi by a system of generous preferences, and the Python itself is thought to have considerable holdings in their undertakings.

K. EAST

Schools and Educational

MONTANA Residential Kindergarten has one or two vacancies for children aged 5-10 years. Happy home, good education, attractive surroundings. Mrs. Moore, 117 The Chine, Grange Park, London, N.21.

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PUBLIC and Preparatory Schools Year Book. Official Book of Headmasters' Conference and Association of Preparatory Schools. Consult Schools, Careers, etc., 13*s.* 1*d.* by post. Deane & Sons, 31 Museum St., W.C.1.

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